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WILL THE COMING MAN MARRY?

AND OTHER STUDIES ON THE PROBLEMS OF HOME AND MARRIAGE

BY

MADISON C. PETERS, D.D.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO 1905 TORONTO

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FOREWORD.

It is to be regretted that the current tone of conversation concerning marriage is so frivolous, and that its sacred duties and lofty responsibilites are so lightly assumed. The theme which should engage the most serious attention of the pulpit has been practically ignored, and has been delegated to the light pleasantries of society.

The divorce rate in the United States at present is something like 612 out of every 10,000 marriages — a greater number than that of any other so-called Christian nation. Germany lags pitifully behind us with a bare 165, and even France can show only 86. But instead of proclaiming against divorce, let our preachers speak more frequently on subjects relating to marriage and the home, giving the young people loving counsel and

practical advice, and divorces will become less frequent.

Marriage deals with the most solemn duties young people have to do, and yet in what a thoughtless manner many enter its sacred portals. I have seen young people follow with solemn mien a loved form to the grave, but with what rashness and irreverence they rush into the sanctities and obligations of marriage, an event of such far-reaching possibilities and perils, that death has more than once been the longed-for relief from the penalties of its haste.

How many ill-matched people there are among us. It would seem that this fact should be sufficient to make men wise and women cautious, but in spite of all the wretchedness that thrills in the cry of the unfortunate, there is still a degree of blind fickleness on the subject that is alarming.

The writer believes that a wise marriage leads to the truest and happiest life. In these pulpit, platform and press utterances he seeks

not to discourage matrimony, but to praise it.

Marriage is the world's civilizer, and the home the cabinet room where is devised all the great and good things of earth. Home is the cradle where the sorrows of earth are rocked to sleep.

Marriage remolds character, brightens prospects, gives meaning to words, elevates hopes, arouses ambition, and gives purpose to life. It doubles joys and divides sorrows.

Our social chariots should be attached to the stars of love. All history and experience have proven that the only permanent arrangement in the social order is love between man and woman. Marriage is not a failure when it has been true and when the wedded life is ruled by love.

God guards the marriage relation and shields the home circle — making the family pre-eminent among the chosen instrumentalities for the accomplishment of the Divine purposes of mercy to our race. Let us resist every tendency to disparage this sacred rela-

tion, or to impair our sense, not only of its divine authority, but of its important influence relating to social organization and the very existence of the Church, in all their manifold blessings.

These chapters were written for the purpose of exalting the sacredness of marriage, and to point out that the God of love has made choice of the domestic relation as the depository of His grace, and there laid the foundations of that spiritual temple from which the symbol of His presence and glory is never more to depart.

The author first published these chapters in many leading papers, including the Philadelphia Press, Philadelphia North American, New York Press, Pittsburg Leader, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Providence Telegram, Chicago Inter Ocean and others. The author hereby acknowledges permission for reproduction in permanent form.

MADISON C. PETERS.

Study of
The Baptist Church of the Epiphany,
New York.

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CHAPTER I.

WILL THE COMING MAN MARRY?

OF the decline of marriages there can be no doubt. The fact has been corroborated by full and trustworthy statistics. There are to-day about four millions of men in the United States, past thirty years of age, who are not married, and the number of them is constantly on the increase. Why do not these young men marry? Will it become so in the future that comparatively few men will marry?

Independent careers are becoming more and more impossible to the young men in our land; women, too, are filling positions which men should occupy to make homes; the salaries of our young men even in good positions are low — good salaries running from $12.00 to $25.00 a week. How can a man support a wife on present day salary?

WILL THE COMING MAN MARRY

Marriage is being effectually discouraged by the constantly and greatly increasing cost of living, both in town and country.

Parents without fortunes support their daughters in luxury and girls expect to be thus cared for after marriage. It costs more to sustain such a girl than the average man can earn, and the time is coming when only the exceptionally fortunate man can marry.

The inordinate passion for dress is a terrific impediment to marriage. The love of refinement belongs to woman. Every woman should be solicitous to have her belongings well chosen and in good taste. But it is of excessive fashion as a foe of home-making that I write. Benedict Arnold proposed to sell his country to get money to keep up the extravagance of the home wardrobe. We have surrendered elegant simplicity for flaunting trappings. Common sense seems to have forsaken the good cause.

Gentleness and grace are ruled out for the rivalry of richest silks and satins accompanied with emblazed jewelry and gaudy display. This

love of extravagant display is not to be charged against women any more than it is against men, yet the latter would soon yield to the force of a better example were the women to set it.

How can the wife whose husband has a limited income follow each new fashion, and who shall condemn the woman for dressing her very best? If young she helps to add to her charms by varying her attire, and when no longer young she must adopt with eagerness every kind of attire which will charm away that melancholy spectre which throws its shadow on the looking-glass — old age.

When men select women for wives in quiet homes where domestic graces prevail, the finery of the world will sink into insignificance. The most fascinating women are those who can enrich the every day movements of life. The time was when women of the very best society became their husbands' friends and companions, considered their interests identical and did not hold them as so much fair game for graft.

They made their houses their homes and not mere passage places for vanity to go through.

Give us women content to be what God and nature meant them to be; but no, the ideal life set up by the girl of the period is plenty of fun and luxury. Dress dwarfs her intelligence, while virtue gives up the ghost at her nod; fed to order, she must be nursed like a baby and kept from a hysterical fit by a sugar plum.

It may be a scandalous thing to say, but the scandal of the fact is so much greater than the scandal of confessing it, that I will risk criticism for the statement of the fact — the domestic life of this country is in an appalling condition. Many a man has given up all high ambition for study, for self-denying service of his fellowmen, stifled the voice of his conscience when it demanded sacrifice and devoted himself to the one object of gaining the wherewithal to keep sunshine in his house by the unlimited indulgence of a fashion-pampered woman's fancies.

Look at our married men, racing for riches, taking ten minutes for lunch, seldom off on a

vacation, and for what? For vulgar display — great houses — so many houses that they have no home — sumptuous furnishings, costly equipages — these are the things that seem to constitute for the mass of American women a perfect Paradise — in prospect only; for when the Eden is gained the hot breath of a simoom has withered the verdure and the flowers, dried up the fountain and slain the singing birds, and there is little or no domestic happiness or life.

Many a woman would be willing to sacrifice for the sake of becoming a man's wife, but most men who do not marry on the pretext of economy are persons who could marry if they were willing to sacrifice some of their luxurious habits and were content to begin life with simple, honest, wholesome comfort, to be increased as life went on. But no, they must start where their parents left off, they must cut a dash, they love their pleasure too much to sacrifice any portion of it for domestic bliss. The sentiment has become prevalent that a man must make his fortune before he marries, that his wife must have

no sympathy or share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists. This is very unfortunate; it fills the country with bachelors who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, encourages inefficiency among women, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any concern on their part.

Just as it is a man's duty to provide for his family, so it is the woman's duty to adorn it with all the excellences and graces of good taste, and either by her own industry or the well directed industry of those who serve her, to fill it with healthful influences of cleanliness, good order and neatness, so that everything may minister to the comfort and enjoyment of those she loves.

The state of life into which it has pleased God to call our daughters is plainly, for the most part, that which entails the duties of the housekeeper and the home-maker, and for those duties the

learning acquired in the schools often does much to unfit them.

The result of this unfaithfulness in the foundation education is seen in the extravagant habits of our modern housekeeping, the ignorant waste where the young lady finds herself unable to teach and direct her servants, in cases where she is not required to do the actual work herself, and, wearying of her attempts to be queen of her own household, she allows her little kingdom to live without a head. Her husband finds that the expense of married life is far greater than he had anticipated and the comfort less. As the expenditures increase, he sees that his hard work on one side is only to supply the means of wastefulness on the other side, and that his children are growing up with notions of life which nothing can satisfy.

We need not wonder that great discontent prevails among many men. It is this extravagance and incompetence among women that accounts for the few marriages.

To-day much of the education is so managed

as to unfit women for practical life. I would make all the improvements of education and the accomplishments of manners subordinate to the duties of the home — the means to make the home happy. God speed the day when French will yield to fritters, poetry to pies, when the most studious will excel in stews, and the professors of music will play upon pots and pans and the female President will rule the roast, and students are taught to be women rather than ladies.

I believe in the higher education of women, but let their training send them out into the world always as interested in making the rooms pleasant and the food palatable as a bonnet artistic, in working a handsome daily home life as a piece of embroidery, or playing a harmony of household dispositions as a symphony of Beethoven, in translating the temperaments and tastes of a household as a comedy of Aristophanes, and in interpreting the moods of a husband as one of the heroes of the Iliad.

But the man who prizes woman chiefly because she is capable of performing tasks of this

kind does not deserve to have a good wife. He should employ a housekeeper and pay her good wages, and the woman whose idea of duty stops here and whose highest and sole ambition is to keep house well, has very low conceptions of her proposed dignity.

The fault lies with the parents; unless they can give their daughter a fortune when she marries, they perpetrate a fraud upon the young man, if by her lack of domestic training they make her unfit for the position of wife in the home of the young man who has to make his way in the world.

True education should prepare a young woman for her peculiar duties as man's companion and co-worker, and the nursing mother of the rising generation. But no; the American girl likes her "liberty" and talks about the drudgery of household duties.

The servant problem has become one of the most perplexive problems in America — our young women openly declare that they won't make slaves of themselves and do housework;

so there you are — women won't do it themselves and there are not enough servants, bad as they are, "to go round," and the result is, our cities are rapidly filling up with boarding houses, hotels, and apartments, and these hundreds of thousands of bachelors and spinsters ought to be in modest homes of their own, like their fathers and mothers, who began life in a humble way and realized the dreams of their youth by working and rising together. Instead of aping the vulgar rich, not only the poor, but those of modest circumstances, must revive the old-fashioned virtues, thrift, domestic economy, and saving up for a rainy day.

Even if a young woman be not required to do the work herself, she ought to be able to direct her servants. But a young wife may not be able to do all the work required to be done in the house. Not able! Not able to cook and wash and mend and clean the house for one young man and herself, and that young man her husband, too, who is quite willing to work from morning until night, to put up with a cold lunch,

to get up and light the fire, to do any thing that love can contrive to spare her labor, conduce to her convenience and promote her happiness and good-housekeeping. Womanliness and good housekeeping go together. Society requires of the man a certain training when he enters a profession where great issues are at stake, and men as a rule do master the business which they follow, and it should be equally as binding upon a woman to master the details and proper care of a house. Marriages will increase when women make more of home.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of a woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world without may look dark and cheerless, but the little asylum of home, lighted up by love, will be cheerful and bright.

CHAPTER II.

THE KIND OF A WOMAN TO MARRY.

A LECTURER inquired dramatically, "Can anyone in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence. "Has anyone," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman rose up in the back of the house and said: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she is dead now. She was my husband's first wife." Be prepared for imperfections. Man, are you looking for an angel? How would you look alongside of an angel? When real life comes to the best and happiest pair, with its trouble and its care, the tower of romance will fall, leaving us in the mud-hut of everyday reality. Man and woman are like the two shells of the oyster — they were made for each other. A crusty old bachelor, hearing that his friend had gone blind, said:

"Let him marry, and if that does not open his eyes, nothing else will." But that sneer has been confuted by the experience of many blind scholars, like Hood, famous authority on bees, and Fawcett, political economist at Cambridge and England's most famous Postmaster-General, whose highly qualified wives were eyes indeed to their husbands.

Many men think they are self-made who are really marriage-made. Napoleon won his greatest victories while Josephine was his wife and while he loved her. When our country's interest hung in the balance at Valley Forge, Martha Washington hastened to her George, and urged him on and on to victory. Whether a man shall be made or marred in marriage depends altogether upon his choice.

Wordsworth paints the woman you want:

> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food.
> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
> A perfect woman nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort and command,

THE KIND OF A WOMAN TO MARRY

And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

Don't marry for beauty alone. Socrates called beauty "a short lived tyranny," and Theophrastus, "a silent cheat." The man who marries for beauty alone is as silly as the man who would buy a house because it had fine flowers in the front yard. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart. The one is a jewel, the other is a treasure. The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it, like the violet, will soon cease to smile, and like the flower, must fade.

Look well to the temper of the girl you think of marrying. Socrates said he "married Xantippe and endured her for self-discipline." Solomon, whose matrimonial experience was rather multitudinous, had a different view of the matter: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

Marry a good housekeeper. Young people think they must not be troubled with such com-

monplaces, but the newly married will not be long within their own doors before they find that something more than tender sentiment is needed to make their home life a success. Even if a girl should never be required to do the work herself, she ought to know whether the work is done in a proper manner or not.

The greatest defect in our social system is the aimless way in which girls are brought up. The majority of them are prepared in neither body nor mind for the lofty duties and serious responsibilities which marriage implies, and marriage in consequence has been brought down to a low, sensual plane. Let our girls be brought up to have their regular daily domestic duties, let idleness be forbidden them, and let every woman be clothed with the dignity of a useful life. All men quite agree with Owen Meredith:

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience; we may live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love; what is love but repining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

With Dr. J. G. Holland we believe that there is but one cure for many of our social evils, and that is "universal housekeeping." No hotel, apartment or boarding house, however pleasant, can supply the want created by an instinctive heart-longing for some place, "be it ever so humble," which can be called our home.

The marriage that may be expected to fail is one between persons who are not likely to agree as to what is right and what is wrong. And this leads me to say: Marry in your own religion. Experience proves that mixed marriages in most cases fill the cup with wormwood and gall. Fond lovers may call this a hard doctrine, and we may wound their feelings, but nevertheless we are telling the truth. Don't put any trust in promises of no interference in matters of religion; those fickle promises are sure to be broken, especially when children come to bless

the union; they will surely become the subject of dispute and ill-will. The father authoritatively demands his right, the mother claims her due and proper share.

Harmony between husband and wife is destroyed and the family thrown into confusion and strife. I have no hostile feelings toward those whose religious views are other than mine, but I write with distinctness because of a sincere desire to guard your sacred interests and secure to you that happiness without which life will be charmless and joyless. In the light of nearly twenty-five years' experience as a busy pastor, ministering to people of various views, I unhesitatingly express the opinion that marriages between persons who do not tread in essentially the same religious paths are wholly unadvisable — nay, wrong — for they tend to invite a future teeming with shadows, clouds and darkness.

CHAPTER III.

THE KIND OF A MAN A WOMAN SHOULD MARRY.

IF you are looking for an angel you are on a fool's errand. There are none unpledged. Adam and Eve were the world's only perfect pair, and they did not keep house together very long before they both slid down the banks of Paradise together.

Better to enter the marriage state in the frame of mind of that company of American settlers who, in naming their town, called it Dictionary, "because," as they said, "that's the only place where prosperity and happiness can always be found." Even a perfect matrimonial bargain would not please some people.

Any woman of fair looks and ordinary sense can marry some sort of man. If you take a husband just for the sake of having one, you will

find him a mortifying trophy, and an inconvenient property. A mother, having become alarmed at the failing state of her daughter's health, took her to a specialist for advice. After asking a few questions as to the girl's daily habits and mode of life, he carefully examined her heart and lungs and then gave an involuntary sigh. The mother grew pale, and waited anxiously for a verdict. "Madam," he said, "so far as I can discover your daughter is suffering from a most serious complaint, which, for want of a better name, I call 'dullness.' I have no medicine which is specific for this disease." Girls who suffer in this way too often prescribe for themselves marriage with men whom they cannot love and honor. But what else can the poor things do? Many are not trained to useful work, and they must live.

Marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living. A marriage without love is a mockery that blushes to the skies. But money is the thing sought for, matrimony is looked upon as a matter of money, and Cupid, having

grown old, has changed his name to cupidity. So common is the mercantile estimate of marriage becoming that I should not be surprised to see the hymeneal market lists chronicled with the prices current in the stock exchange.

If money is your real object, the older and uglier the man is the better, for nothing should come between you and your golden calf. How true the poet's lines:

> In many a marriage made for gold,
> The bride is bought and the bridegroom sold.

Better have a fortune in your husband than one with your husband. The hand that holds money and the wedding ring both is not always stained with sin.

The poor man should have something besides his poverty to commend him. He should have a position which may reasonably be depended upon to yield a comfortable living.

What avails it how high a man's family be if he be low himself? What respect can a woman have for a man who is rich in money, but poor in all those elements that make up a

man? Can ancestry or wealth cover up mental imbecility and moral baseness? Gold cannot buy happiness. Position cannot bring it.

What is the interest on $100,000 or $1,000,000 in comparison to dividends drawn from a loyal heart and an educated brain?

Moreover, there is no certainty in the possession of money. The rich of to-day are often tomorrow's poor. The great wealth of this country is in the hands of those who were once poor. Eighty-five per cent of the great leaders come from the farm and the rural districts. The commercial leaders of the next generation are the poor boys of to-day.

Don't marry a man to mend him or reform him. If the man were not deformed he would not need to be reformed. The man with malformed habits is more likely to bring you sorrow and shame than joy and happiness. The risks are great enough for any woman even when she marries a man who does not need reforming.

Marry a gentleman. I use that word in its broadest sense. It has not reference to fine rai-

ment and white hands, and the veneering of society polish merely, but to those who have noble qualities, however hard their hands and sunbrowned their faces.

Social standing is no criterion of gentility. You frequently find more real gentlemen in the humbler than in the higher walks of life. An Oriental couplet runs:

> A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
> And sand is sand, though up to heaven thrust.

As you value your life do not marry a manikin, a hatter's showblock, or a tailor's lay figure. The dandy dressed up is like the cinnamon tree, the bark is worth more than the body. Discriminate between show and substance. The young man who has character does not need superficial display. His manhood is his challenge.

When women go to purchase a dress, how careful they are! They will go where they are sure the best is kept in stock, how they test the strength of the fabric, ask questions about it, and submit it to the scrutiny of the most com-

petent. They do not trust to appearances. Yet men and women alike risk a lifelong happiness on less actual information of each other's real nature than a good horseman would exact of his carriage horse's pedigree.

Marry a man nearly your age. A father said to his daughter, "I don't want you to throw yourself away on a foolish young fellow; how would a nice, sober, settled man of 50 suit you?" The daughter very sensibly replied, "Father, I would rather have two at 25."

Don't marry clandestinely. Have no correspondence you are ashamed to have your brothers or parents read. Hasty marriages seldom end well. Nobody has your interests more at heart than your parents. You will seldom go wrong if you take their advice and heed their warning.

If there is ever a time in a young woman's life when she should be deliberate and careful, it is when she contemplates giving herself to another. Marriage is either heaven or hell; there is no middle state in it.

THE KIND OF A MAN TO MARRY

Women as a rule are the greatest sufferers where the marriage is a blunder. The man can make his escape, he can make his home merely a place to eat and sleep, but for the woman there is no refuge but the grave.

Nothing causes so many mischievous marriages as making "old maid" a term of reproach. Some of the brightest and most interesting women in every community are so much absorbed in the serious business of life that they regard husbands as altogether unnecessary inconveniences. They are satisfied and useful.

In such cases singleness is an honorable estate, and the woman an unappropriated blessing. The Bible says, "it is not good for man to be alone." It does not say it is not good for woman to be alone, for God knew many women would be better off alone.

The frogs in Æsop's fable were extremely wise. They had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well because they could not get out again.

Sisters, look before you leap!

CHAPTER IV.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

THERE was published some years ago an English book by "a graduate of the university of matrimony," with the alarmingly suggestive title, "How to be Happy Though Married," a title not original with the author.

An old English preacher named Skelton first used it as a title for a sermon. The rather startling theme inculcates the important and frequently forgotten truth, that domestic happiness does not come as a matter of course, but, like everything else worth having, has to be worked for.

The wedding ring anciently symbolized that marriage was a binding together of two hearts in one indissoluble union. The sad truth is that marriage nowadays is seldom spoken of seriously. It is looked upon by many as a joke,

and entered upon lightly, ill-advisedly and prayerlessly.

Marriage is the world's greatest civilizer. Without it the family could have no existence, there would be no social order, no civilization and no progress. The dissolution of the nuptial ties involves the dissolution of society. What a signal realization of this truth was presented to the gaze of the world by France during the Reign of Terror, which Carlyle calls "the shabbiest page in the annals of history."

That chaotic state of things was heralded by the granting of 20,000 divorces in Paris in one year. Rome in 500 years of her history had not one divorce — those were Rome's years of power and glory. Rome changed her laws, divorces became common, down went the home and down went Rome.

Facts like these, which might be multiplied, have a terrible significance, showing, as they do, that wheresoever marriage, the chief support of domestic virtue, becomes subverted, all the

interests of society will inevitably be involved in its overthrow.

In our previous talks we have told you what kind of a man to marry, and what sort of a woman to tie to.

How, then, I presume to ask, may you be happy though married?

It has been truly said: "You are not married on your wedding day; on that day you but begin to be married. True marriage is an endless process, the perpetual interlinking of two souls while life lasts."

When married let love rule. Love is never stubborn. It never stands up and quarrels for its rights. Love will make each blame self and not the other when anything goes wrong. It transforms blemishes into imaginary virtues.

I know "it's hardly in one's power to keep at times from looking sour," but avoid as much as possible all disputes. There is no truth in the jingle:

> And family jars, look we but o'er the rim,
> Are filled with honey to the brim.

Every dispute between husband and wife forces good humor out of its channel and insidiously, though insensibly, undermines affection, and at last destroys that cordiality which is the soul of matrimonial harmony.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have made a fool of yourself. Nobody is always consistent. The man or woman who never made a mistake is a myth.

The most dangerous infernal machine in a home is the last word. Talmage said: "If you must get mad, don't both get mad at the same time. Take turn about." Once in a while let your husband have the last word — it will please him and be no loss to you.

Incivility is nowhere so unpardonable as toward your best loved. As the poet has it:

> We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
> And a smile for the transient guest;
> But oft for our own the bitter tone,
> Though we love our own the best.
> Oh, lips with the curve impatient!
> Oh, brow with the look of scorn!

'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

Carry over into the wedded life the refinement of manner that characterized your wooing days. Don't imagine that because you have now won each other you need no longer be affectionate.

Be reasonable. It is a good deal to ask. Reasonable women are rare. Be rare.

Read something in the papers besides fashion notes, the marriage announcements, the society columns and the latest novels. Have some knowledge of what your husband is interested in.

Don't be afraid to praise your husband. Let him feel that you think him a good one — it will be a strong stimulus to his being so. You let him know that he has lost the name, and he may soon abandon the reality. Keats tells us that he had met with women who would like to be married to a poem, and given away by a novel, but wives must not cease honoring their husbands on discovering that instead of being

poetical and romantic they are only very ordinary, imperfect beings.

Husband, don't be afraid to tell your wife that you love her. She has a sacred right to some expression of an appreciation of her unselfish devotion to your interests.

Never speak to anyone outside of one another's faults, not even to your minister or your doctor — they have troubles enough of their own. Any woman with ordinary eyes can see things in her husband she does not like. Never whisper to others your husband's or wife's shortcomings. Avoid meddlers! Some wretched gossip will come to your house about the time you have set up your new home, and tell you how she manages her husband. Tell her to mind her own business and never return the call. There are some people so busy minding other people's business that I would not be a bit surprised in the Resurrection Day to see some of these everlasting snoops getting out of the wrong grave!

Pay attention to little things. Estrangements

are rarely the work of one day or caused by one offense. They are growths.

> It is the little rift within the lute
> That bye and bye will make the music mute
> And ever widening slowly silence all.
> The little rift within the lover's lute
> Or little petted speck in garnered fruit
> That, rotting inward, slowly molders all.

The precaution against trifles as often leading to breaches in the household bonds is thus beautifully expressed:

> A something as light as air, a look,
> A word unkind or wrongly taken,
> The love that tempest never shook,
> A breath, a touch like this has shaken,
> And rude winds will soon rush in
> To spread the breach that words begin,
> And eyes forget the gentle ray
> They wore in Hymen's smiling day,
> And voices lose the tone that shed
> A tenderness round all they said,
> Till fast declining one by one
> The sweetnesses of love are gone,
> And hearts so lately mingled seem
> Like broken clouds or like the stream
> That smiling left the mountain's brow,
> As though its waters ne'er could sever,

Yet ere it reached the plain below
Breaks into floods and breaks forever.

The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays. So the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels, and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing incompatibility of temper and irreconcilability of spirit and want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the depressing gloom of the gray sea rocks.

If you would be happy though married, make home everything. Men running day by day against this lightning-footed twentieth century, harassed by its cares and perplexed by its inquietudes, yearn for the repose of home, where the mind can be at rest, the heart's turmoil become quiet and the spirits bask in the peaceful delights of domestic love.

Busy men become weary of the dull prose of life and thirst for poetry. Happy is the man who can find that poetry at home.

Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business and professional men. Think of the toils, the anxieties that husbands and fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their sacrifices by making them happy at their own firesides. There let warm greetings come from appreciative hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the little arrangements for their comfort that silently tell them of thoughtful love, and force them into an easy chair to spend the evening at home before they are aware of it.

I like the sentiment of Robert Burns:

> To make a happy fireside charm
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.

CHAPTER V.

THE WEDDING RING.

THE custom of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand had its origin with the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks borrowed the custom, and handed it to the Romans. The fourth finger was dedicated to Apollo. Gold was a symbol of the sun. It was believed that Apollo's fourth finger was connected by a nerve directly to the heart, and it was therefore considered more appropriate that the sign of loving union should rest on this finger.

Since the earliest days of Christianity, the ring has been a precious pledge of faithfulness. The man who gives the ring binds himself by all that is holy to be good and true. The golden circle upon a woman's hand sets her apart from all other women — she is a crowned queen.

In the wedding ring the wife pledges loving

reverence. No true woman wants a husband into whose face she cannot look with pride, and on whose arm she cannot lean with implicit confidence. Ovid says: "If you wish to marry suitably, marry your equal." Now and then a woman of great force of character may lift her husband upward, but she accepts such a labor at the risk of her own higher life. True are the words of Tennyson in Locksley Hall:

Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.
As the husband, so the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have power to drag thee down.
He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

The ring pledges faithfulness. When doubt comes in at the door love flies out at the window. The basis of all true affection is confidence — confidence not only in the woman's

affection, but confidence in her management of all domestic affairs.

Don't pitch your expenditure higher than you can carry it. Better shut down on petty expenses than stoop to petty gettings.

Pay as you go. If you can't pay, don't go.

While many a man owes his prosperity to his wife's wise administration of household affairs, it is also true that many a man's financial straits can be traced to the wife's love of vulgar display, social rivalry or thoughtless extravagance, or perhaps incompetent management. When the husband of Victoria Colonna was offered the crown of Naples as an inducement to join the league against his sovereign, Charles V, she prevailed upon him to spurn the offer. Suppose that, dazzled by the glitter of royalty, she had coaxed him to make her a queen, would he have refused the bribe? He might, but he would have been one man in a million.

That is what is going on in thousands of homes throughout our land. Women have their hearts set upon show, upon glitter, upon dress,

upon social distinction, upon surpassing some rival, upon more of the luxuries and splendors of wealth, and are leading their husbands, unconsciously perhaps, to abandon their integrity for the sake of show.

Every wife's advice to her husband should be a sort of second conscience.

The word wife means weaver, and wives either weave men's fortunes or, like moths, simply feed upon them. Many a woman by true sympathy, by thinking only of what will do him good, has helped her husband on to the highest success. Most of our self-made men are really marriage-made.

Next to the soul's peace with God, the greatest blessing under the sun is to have a tactful and sympathetic wife, who can play the sweet orator as the wife of Disraeli once did. He was going to Parliament to make an important speech. She accompanied him. When the carriage was shut her hand was caught in it. Rather than distract her husband's thoughts she patiently endured the pain until the door was

opened, and still endured it as she sat in the gallery looking down with a satisfied smile on her husband that she might encourage him to loftiest efforts.

Whatever may be your husband's business endeavor, learn enough about it to listen to him with interest when he speaks to you of it, and give him a sensible opinion if he asks for it. Many a failure would have been avoided if men had consulted with their wives. In the majority of cases where there has been exposure of great frauds, the wife has been the most shocked person in the community.

The great duty of the wife is to make the home supremely happy. Home is the great object of life. It is the wife's duty to make the husband feel that one day passed under his own roof is worth a thousand in another place. Houses may be bought, homes must be made. A house may be a cold storage for costly furniture. A home must be warmed with the embers of love. Home is a miniature of Heaven, let down to shine in this world.

The giver of the wedding ring as well as t receiver has duties. How few men realize t sacredness of the responsibility they so ligh assume. It is a solemn thing for a young m to take a confiding young woman from a hap home into his keeping. When a young wom accepts a young man's offer of marriage, s does the most serious thing of her life — s either builds her nest under the flushed eaves Heaven, where the angels of God hover, or s sets it hard by the gates of woe, to be swept the wings of flame.

The other day I chanced across the followi words by a bride's mother to the bridegroom he leads away her daughter:

Deal gently with her; thou art dear
  Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamp from the fountain clear,
  She turns confiding to the fold.
Deal gently, thou, when far away,
  'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender care decay;

. . . . . .

And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear
  Unconscious from her eyelid break,

Be pitiful and soothe the fear
  That man's strong heart can e'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
  On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
  The idol of her fondest care;
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
  Deal gently with my own dear child.

Love implies gentleness of manner, blindness to imperfections, and at least as much polite attention as is shown to other women. Many men return fretful from business and sometimes vent on the wife the irritation and spleen which they restrained all day, forgetting that the wife has had just as many weary worries and aggravating annoyances in the home, and has been waiting all day for her husband's return for a word of counsel, a smile of approval, or a look of sympathy.

There is a little poem that I would like to hang up in every home. It is entitled "Our Own."

If I had known in the morning
  How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
  I said when you went away;

If I had been more careful, darling,
  Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex our own with look or tone
  We may never take back again.
For though in the quiet evening
  You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be that never for me
  The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
  That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
  That sorrow can ne'er set right.

It is of little avail to dwell on each other' excellence when the other is gone.

I have in mind a man who gave himself absc lutely to his own selfish pursuits, thinking tha if he furnished his wife with fine dresses, a beau tiful home, and costly presents, his duty wa done, forgetting that a woman's heart hunger for something more, forgetting that love wi starve if not fed, and that true hearts pray fc their daily bread. She came to die, the childre gathered around her bedside; the husband too her in his arms and said: "You have been good wife to me." It was not much to say, b

it was much to her, who had never heard anything like it before. A flush came over her pallid face, and with a husky voice she whispered: "My dear, you never said so before." Keep not your flowers for the cold dead brow. Nixon Waterman sweetly sings:

A rose to the living is more
  Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more
If graciously given before
  The hungering spirit is fled.
A rose to the living is more
  Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

CHAPTER VI.

WHY SO MANY DIVORCES.

GORDON, the singer, complained to Handel, saying, that if he did not accompany him better, he would jump upon the harpsichord and destroy it. "Very vell," replied Handel, "tell me ven you vill do dat, and I vill advertise it. More people vill come to see you jump dan to hear you sing."

So with the music of the wedding march, more people will notice the discords than the harmony.

Though more than 500,000 divorces have been granted in the United States in twenty years, and only 214,841 in all Europe during the same time, with 380,000,000 population against our 80,000,000, it does not follow that from a domestic view-point we are the worst people on the globe, or below the moral standard of European communities.

The best men in the world are in America. Nowhere do men toil, purpose and plan for happiness of wife and children like the American men. Nowhere is woman enthroned as in America. The American woman is looked upon as man's co-worker and equal in all that embellishes life and sanctifies humanity.

The average European woman thinks that man may impose upon her by divine right. In many parts of Europe to-day women are nothing more than beasts of burden, and are ruled in the spirit of the dark ages. Denied education and completely subordinated to her husband, woman lives in fear of and in subjection to her lord and master.

Our advancing civilization has enlarged and sublimated woman's ideas and, with a better comprehension of her nature and rights, the average American woman would rather make her own way in the world than live a lie with a man for the sake of a home.

There is no insurance policy of happiness furnished at the marriage altar. Marriage is a

bitter-sweet, with the sweet predominating if the proper conditions are observed. Married life is not a hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds; under any conditions it is not all roses and honeymoon. Thorns will be found concealed beneath the rose leaves, and some bitter ingredients will get mixed up with the sweet ones in the cup of its joy.

There are people who are no sooner married than they begin to cast fond, lingering looks behind upon the state of single blessedness they have abandoned, or else upon some lost ideal they prefer to the living reality of which they have become possessed.

Divorces will be less numerous when women are not in such tremendous haste to marry. Happiness in the married life is possible only to those who have deliberately chosen each other, not in momentary passion, but for solid worth of character.

The burden of married life is heavy enough even under the most favorable conditions. Other things being equal, there is more chance

of happiness between persons whose habits and tastes and education would put them somewhere near upon a basis of equality than between those who are widely separated in social position. That every man is the equal of every other man sounds well enough in the Declaration of Independence, but it is not true to the facts of life and experience. One man is not the equal of every other man, any more than one horse is the equal of every other horse.

I know coachmen, for instance, who in point of intelligence, moral and even social worth, are the equals and even the superiors of the men who employ them. But when you find such a man he won't elope with his employer's daughter.

Tears will never undo what you should never have done at first. The tears may bring a father's forgiveness, but that will never transform the stableman to the drawing room man.

But what if a man of integrity, reliability, and solid worth, though a coachman, should fall in love with his employer's daughter? Let them not make a clandestine escapade, but, avowing

their purpose before all the world, dare the scorn of society. Then let the rich man's daughter go to such a home as her husband can furnish her and let her adorn his life with her womanly accomplishments, and he hers with irreproachable manliness, and all sensible men and angels will say "Amen."

Such a marriage would lack the romantic element of a midnight flight; it would require force of character to carry it out to its triumphant end, but once consummated we doubt if it would ever be trailed in the dust of the divorce court.

Some of the happiest homes in the world, set up under the red-hot anathema of parents, have turned out Edens, but almost invariably clandestine escapades end in unspeakable sorrow or divorce.

I like the Jewish way of publishing announcements of engagements in the newspapers. It is a challenge to inquire. But heroes of escapades avoid publicity because their double-distilled extract of villainy cannot stand the lime-light of publicity.

These escapades are to be deplored because they imply woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. A man marrying a woman below him in society may raise her up. She goes to his level.

You may prevent domestic disquietude by observing some simple rules:

Carry the love of the wooing days over into the wedded life. An intellectual man married a brilliant woman. Immediately after they were married he said to her: "Madam, I love you. That is the beginning, middle and end of my experience. I shall never repeat it again. You have my idea." After enduring her solitary lot for six years she remarked to him: "I am not a metaphysician, but I have come to the conclusion that there is a difference between ideas and feelings. You can get rid of an idea by uttering it, and I want you to say that you love me often enough to convince me that no change has taken place in your inward experience."

You may give your wife costly presents, fine dresses and a beautiful home, but her heart hun-

gers for something more, even the daily affection of your heart. Many women make all their charms a net for one haul, and when they have made the haul they throw the net away. Spend as much time after your marriage making cages as you did spreading nets before marriage, and your bird will not be so apt to fly away to some other dearer charmer.

Have some knowledge of what is going on in the world. Read the newspapers at least half an hour daily. Be interesting. Be a companion to your husband. He would rather talk with his wife than anyone else, if she has anything to talk about besides her petty annoyances. Man is apt to be self-centered, and if you can talk interestingly about his hobby he will likely have his club at home.

Your husband has a right to some expression of appreciation of his unselfish devotion to you.

Remember, man, it is of little avail to bring flowers to your wife's coffin, when you failed to strew them on her path while weary feet were painfully walking over it.

Make home so pleasant that whenever the husband steps outside in search of happiness he comes back again disappointed, tired and chagrined. Don't have dullness for home consumption and your charms for strangers abroad. Don't surfeit your children with severe religion unless you want to turn them against it.

Few people know how to make a home. Better make children happy at home than amuse friends abroad. Let innocent games abound. Invest in a billiard table and good musical instruments, provide sufficient amusements at home, so that husband and children won't have to think of looking elsewhere for amusement.

Why do so many men spend their evenings at clubs, the boys on the streets and the girls away from home? Because of the lack of entertainment at home. If you, fathers and mothers, don't want to lose your children in after life — if you want your sons and daughters to remember the old home in the new one — make home happy, everything to them while they are young.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IDEAL WIFE.

IN Proverbs xxxi, we have an old time portrait of an ideal wife. It is God's looking-glass for women, which He desires them to open and dress themselves by. The drawing displays a master's hand, and, though delineated 3,000 years ago, it is still true to nature. It is the production of a female artist — the description of a good wife, drawn, it is supposed, by Bath-sheba and intended as a direction to her son Solomon for his guidance in the selection of a companion for life.

What husbands and sons we should see if all were blessed with such wives and mothers. She is extraordinary in the things that are ordinary. There are no fire-works about her. She has no idiosyncrasies of projecting angles and sharp edges. She is simply good. Goodness has

rounded her character. We all should have ideals, and why should not every true woman have an intense desire to rise to a perfect conformity to this beautiful pattern? Mark first her piety. "Favor," gracefulness, "is deceitful" and "beauty is vain"—an ill furnished heart is revolting when united with personal attractiveness. The face of a beautiful woman ought to be an index of the mind. "The King's daughter is all glorious within." Let beauty have its due praise—suppose all the poets and philosophers say of it be true, as Aristotle affirms, better than all letters of recommendation in the world, or, as Ovid calls it, a favor bestowed by the gods, or as Homer proclaims it, a glorious gift of nature, still it is transient, fleeting, perishing, the flower of the spring, when the blossoms fall and no fruit succeeds, of what value is it?

"The heart of her husband does safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil." He trusts her fidelity in the management of the household affairs. He knows that she is pru-

dent and wise, and not wasteful and extravagant. She will study to do her husband good and avoid doing him evil.

The word husband literally means a house-band, but often the wife is the real husband, the band that keeps the house together. A quaint old writer says: "A good wife should be like three things; which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail, to keep within her own house, but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back. Secondly: she should be like an echo, to speak when spoken to, but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly: she should be like a town clock, always to keep time with regularity, but she should not be like a town clock, speak so loud that all the town may hear."

The good wife will be inventive, ingenious and laborious to promote the husband's comfort, his health and his interests. Men love neatness, and nothing pleases them better than to see a woman who is a clever manager of her house.

Melba and Calve cannot make as sweetly-sounding music as that of the rattling plate at meal-time hour. Make home so supremely happy as to cause the husband to say while away at his daily work:

Rainy and rough sets the day,
  There's a heart waiting for somebody;
I must be up and away,
  Somebody's anxious for somebody.

. . . . . .

There will be a comforting fire,
  There'll be supper for somebody;
One in her neatest attire
  Will look to the table for somebody;
Though the stars set from the west,
  There's a star shining for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,
  Warming the bosom for somebody.

There'll be a coat on the chair,
  There'll be slippers for somebody;
There'll be a wife's tender care,
  Love's fond endearments for somebody;
There'll be the little one's charms,
  Soon they'll be wakened for somebody,
When I've got both in my arms,
  Then, oh! how blest will be somebody.

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." A good wife will make her husband, and add to his public reputation. Bismarck and Disraeli, who for thirty years were the controlling powers in European politics, both said they owed their successes to their wives. The good wife is not so engrossing of her husband's company as to prevent him from becoming a public benefactor. By the happiness which she imparts to him at their own fireside she sends him abroad with a cheerful countenance as though he had just come from the scene and seat of earthly bliss. Can a woman rise to higher honor than to be so estimable as to augment the public respectability of her husband? Of course, a woman must feel herself degraded if she is the wife of a man who has no public distinction but what he derives from her.

This old-time portrait sketches the ideal woman as industrious: "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh diligently with her hands." Out of 22 verses of this portrait, 11 are taken

up in setting forth the virtues and practices of the matron's industry in its various relations and duties. And her industry is represented as eminently utilitarian. Catch the lesson and turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful gown. Expend the time on which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacture of important somethings. Your wealth and that of your husband and father is not beyond misfortune, and after you have learned the ordinary branches take hold of that kind of study which will bring you dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources.

Notice this ideal woman's skill and judgment in her domestic arrangements. "She riseth also while it is yet night." She knows the value of time and makes the day as long as she can by early rising. When the days are short and the nights long "her candle" does not go out.

"She looketh well to the ways of her house-

hold"—prompt breakfasts, good dinners and suppers, a well-kept house and good cheer are substantial bases for the realization of the dreams of blissful home-making. A Greek philosopher, gazing up at the sky at night, stumbled and fell. His companion observed: "One should not have his head in the stars while his feet are on the earth." Many wives set their eyes on romantic ideals and neglect the real duties which come close to their hands. It takes more than tender sentiment to make home life a success. One of the foundation stones in blissful home-making is good housekeeping.

This woman dresses well—"she maketh her coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple." She is neither a sloven nor a dressed doll. She takes a just pride in herself, is solicitous to have all her belongings well chosen and in good taste. Her dress is in keeping with her circumstances. She sees that the household expense falls within its limits, and when money is denied her she does not get sulky. A sulky man is bad enough, but oh, from a sulky woman,

"Good Lord, deliver us." There is many a man who has had occasion to say with more of sadness than glee:

> Heaven bless our wives, they fill our hives
> With little bees and honey!
> They soothe life's shocks, they mend our socks,
> But don't they spend our money!

She not only thinks before she speaks and "opens her mouth with wisdom," "but in her tongue is the law of kindness," and "she stretches out her hands to the poor." Her mercy is in her hands. She does not weep over the imaginary woes of the novel while she is unmindful of the real sorrows at her very doors. Of course, a wife's chief place of duty is at home, and no public objects of any kind must be allowed to interfere with it. It will never do to serve God with time taken from family duty. I have known husbands to come home from fatigue and vexation of the world's business, pining for the soothing influence of a wife's sweet voice, to have sat for hours in sadness and solitude, because she was away doing an angel's

work in the lanes and streets of the city, while the angels were mourning over neglected duties within the hallowed walls of her own home. Still a woman may "look well to the ways of her household," and yet "stretch out her hands to the poor"; except in the case of a large family, a destitution of all public spirit is no credit to any woman. The two extremes are, then, to be avoided, of allowing on the one hand the duties of home so entirely to engross the female heart as to feel no interest in the alleviation of the world's sorrow, and the reformation of its vices, and to cherish no desire to promote the great objects of Christian and Jewish zeal which our women are founding and conducting with so much enthusiasm and such abounding success.

Behold the ideal wife's conduct as a mother: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." I do not know of anything that will so surely cure the restlessness of our society women as children. "What the women leave unfinished in their moral education," says Gœthe, "the children complete in us." And if, as Emerson says, a

man is undeveloped and unperfected until he knows what it is to have a little child look up into his face and say "Father," how much more true of a woman is it that she is undeveloped and unperfected until she knows what it is to have a little child look up into her face and say "Mother." Children are the poetry of the world, beams of light, fountains of love, fresh flowers of heart and homes, incarnations of the smile of God, God's apostles sent forth day by day to preach of love, of hope, of peace. The children bring benedictions from Heaven when they come, and while they stay they are perpetual benedictions. If you have no child go and adopt one.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUTIES OF THE HUSBAND.

IT is a solemn thing for any man to take a young woman into his keeping, to cherish her until death either takes the trust out of his hands or cuts him down. How few men realize the sacredness of the responsibility they so lightly assume. The Bible sums up the husband's duties, as it does those of the wife, in one word — love. Benjamin Disraeli has beautifully observed: "Instead of love being the occasion of all the misery of this world, as is sung by fantastic bards, the misery of this world is occasioned by there not being love enough."

As time goes on, married life does not want less love, but more; not less expression of love, but more. Genuine love continues as real twenty-five years after marriage as it is on the morning of the wedding day. It may not be so

demonstrative — age is less demonstrative than youth — but still real. Love is a wife's only wages. Don't scrimp in your pay.

> If lovers were lovers always,
> The same to sweetheart and wife,
> Who would change for a future of Eden
> The joys of this checkered life?

It has been beautifully said: Love is the Enchanter that transforms Littlesoul into Largersoul. He who loves God and man will not have other gods, nor steal, kill, profane God, dishonor parents, covet, wrong or bear false witness. Neither will he make much of little and little of much. Love will keep the soul sweet, charitable, kindly, free from the warping and shriveling processes of life. Love has no tone of grievance, no mean and petty hugging of trifles to a withering heart which is losing the grace and graciousness of life by shutting the blinds of selfishness against the divine sunlight, and living on in blind belittlement.

Don't you husbands sometimes speak sharp words that strike and stick and sting like arrows

in the heart? Men are apt to fall into careless habits at home. They are not so abroad. They are thoughtful to other women, smile their sweetest smile, but at home too often they are careless in speech, and unmindful of the effect of their words. They are perturbed with the meanness of men they have to do with in business, and they come home fretful and without thinking vent on the home circle the irritation they have been restraining all day.

"Did you cook the fish I bought?" said a husband on coming home at night.

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you cooked it. I'll bet any money you have spoiled it for my eating."

Taking off a cover: "I thought so. Why in the world did you fry it?"

"My dear, I thought you preferred it fried."

"You thought no such thing. Why didn't you boil it?"

"The last time we had fish I boiled it and you said you liked it fried, but I have boiled some,"

and she lifted a cover, showing the shoulder of a cod nicely boiled.

"A pretty dish, this," he exclaimed. "Boiled fish, chips and porridge. If you had not been the stupidest woman you would have made a chowder."

She immediately placed before him a dish containing an excellent chowder, saying: "My dear, this is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" growled the grumbler, "I would rather have a boiled frog."

This was a common expression of his and had been anticipated, and so she uncovered a big dish, and there was a large frog indeed.

Mrs. Carlyle said of her Thomas: "If he would only be satisfied! but I have had to learn that when he does not find fault he is pleased, and that has to content me." Mrs. Carlyle describes his home coming. She had everything ready for him, his dinner, his armchair, everything as comfortable as possible. He arrived and, she says, "after he had just greeted me, what do you think he did? He walked to the

window and shook it and asked: 'Where's the wedge of the window?' and until he found that blessed wedge nothing would content him. He said the window would rattle and spoil all."

Love requires a husband to honor his wife. The ways in which he should honor her are countless. He will be as careful of her comfort as of his own.

He will consult her. Before you select a business partner introduce him to your wife. She can "take stock" of him in a moment. Get her opinion as to his capacity and integrity, and her quick intuition will give you more practical knowledge than the man's slow logic will deliver in years, and when perhaps too late. Consultation — domestic consultation.

Lord Bolingbroke said: "If I was making up a plan of consequence I should like first to consult with a sensible woman." Don't listen to anyone who whispers, "don't tell your wife" or "husband." Be frank with one another. Your wife's counsel is worth seeking. She will often see what is right and often do it before her

husband has finished his deliberations. "When a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she will not be able to tell how she got there."

A husband came home one evening and after some time said: "Well, my dear, I am going into bankruptcy to-morrow. A few hundred dollars would get me through, but I cannot get the few dollars and I am going to ruin." After a while the wife said: "I wish you would hunt up the definition of the word 'independence' in Webster's Dictionary." He opened the dictionary and found the word "independence," and right opposite was a hundred dollar bill. "Now," said she, "I would like you to find the word 'gratitude.'" There was another $100 bill. And before the evening passed she asked him to read a verse of a certain chapter of the Bible. He opened to the verse in the Bible and there was $500, and before the evening had passed the man had financial relief to tide him over his disasters. Blessed is the man with a wife like that to put him on his feet again.

Make your home a cabinet room, where all the affairs of the household and all the affairs of business come under comparison and advisal. Tell your wife how much money you have, and no honorable woman will spend more than can be afforded.

It is the special duty of the husband to prefer his home and seek to make it agreeable and attractive. To Adam Paradise was home. To the good man among his descendants home is Paradise. HOME — that word strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers. Home is the school of human virtue, the safety valve of business life, the monarch of civilization. The love of home is the test of character. When a man spends his spare time mostly away from home it usually implies something bad. Many a wife has had to make a complaint on this score:

You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart;
To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part;
And I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.

WILL THE COMING MAN MARRY

There's sunlight for me in your smiles and music in your tone;

. . . . . .

I look upon you when you sleep — my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry: "O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul!"

. . . . . .

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by our child.
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong;
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay, if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?
Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.

THE DUTIES OF THE HUSBAND

If you will read I'll sit and work, then think when you're
away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, if you stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may your mind
my mind.

CHAPTER IX.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

IN the first book of Samuel, twenty-fifth chapter and third verse, we read: "Now the name of the man was Nabal, and the name of his wife Abigail; and she was a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance. but the man was churlish and evil in his doings; and he was of the house of Caleb."

Nabal, as his name signifies, was churlish, foolish, villainous, brutal, and, to crown all, drunken. Abigail—"joy, exultation of a father"—was beautiful, and, what's more, of good understanding. This woman became the wife of Nabal, who was very rich. He belonged to that kind of men of whom it is said:

> The man may breathe, but never lives
> Who e'er receives, but nothing gives;

Creation's blot, creation's blank,
Whom none can love and none can thank.

Abigail was not at fault in marrying such a man, for in those days matrimonial alliances were contracted by parents for their daughters. There were, however, some things with regard to Nabal which would have commended him to many parents with whom "fine family and wealth" is an irresistible potentiality in the qualifications of a suitor.

When you hear that a young woman is engaged to be married the first question asked is: "Is she going to do well?" Which is to ask: "Has he money?" Thus is happiness bartered away for worldly display and the very citadel of civilization and virtue surrendered to its foes and all its treasures laid waste.

To make a mere business of marriage,
To call it a 'living,' 'vocation,' 'career,'
Is but to pervert, degrade and disparage
A contract of all most sacred and dear.

Marry a man for his money and he will find it out shortly. What sublime contempt a man

must have for one who simply loves his pocket-book! Why not love his store or factory, his farm or lumber yard? Many a woman feigns to love a man who has money whom she would positively hate if he was poor. The love of money is a miserly pretense of affection that leads to discontent, distrust and disgust as soon as men find it out.

Many a rich man's wife has not the privilege, nor the money, nor the good times her servants have. Men who carry a load of care, how can they carry any burden of love?

Better have a fortune in your husband than one with your husband, as I have already said in Chapter III.; and let me also repeat here the following brief paragraph:

What avails it how high a man's family be if he be low himself? What respect can a woman have for a man who is rich in money, but poor in all those elements that make up a man? Can ancestry or wealth cover up mental imbecility and moral baseness? What is the interest on $100,000, or even $1,000,000, in comparison to

dividends drawn from a loyal heart and an educated brain?

She who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain; that her life will be one of gilded misery and her old age will be like a crag on the bleak side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no sunshine ever falls, no flowers bloom, no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunders roar, and through the sweeping storm shall be heard God's stern voice: "Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a swift witness against you and eat your flesh as it were fire."

Money itself furnishes no happiness and provides no certainty in the home foundations. There are many palaces where wealth anticipates every want, and yet where a skeleton more grim than death haunts the cupboard and an ache sharper than consumption's tooth gnaws at the heart.

Moreover, there is no certainty in the posses-

sion of money. The rich of to-day are often to-morrow's poor.

Eighty per cent of the great leaders in all walks of life in America came from the farm and the rural districts. The great men in America began their married life in an humble way. Cornelius Vanderbilt ferried his own boat. John Jacob Astor sold apples on the streets of New York. Jay Gould was a book agent. John D. Rockefeller worked in a machine shop. A. T. Stewart began as a school teacher. John Wanamaker started life at $1.25 a week, and Andrew Carnegie at $2.50.

Character is the determining force behind money, intellect and love, and so it is the greatest force in human life.

Commercial matrimony is an evil peculiar to our time. The gold fever is epidemic, and the death rate is appalling.

We put the mark of Cain upon the man who takes a bribe and do not allow the grave to erase the foul blot from his memory. What shall we say of the woman who has her price, and, often

turning what is pure and noble away, waits for the man who is willing to pay for his victim?

What shall we say of the mother who places her daughter on the social auction block and knocks her down to the highest bidder?

She who through the solemn rite of matrimony puts her hand in the hand of a man for houses, lands and possessions and not for love, is not a wife. The legal forms may be complied with and thus seal the lips of criticism, but wife she is not. Never were the lines of Burns more sadly true:

> Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
> And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Promising as the prize may seem, it is rare that she who marries for money fares well. She finds that a serpent often lies curled among the orange blossoms.

How many young women are bowing to-day before profligates because they move in the so-called highest circles and crawl around fashionable summer and winter resorts. Because of their wealth and pride of ancestry they are welcomed,

though their touch is pollution and their embrace social and moral death. If a young woman were as sinful as some of these society rakes she would be stoned to death by her sisters. Matrimonial commercialism is closely related to the dual standard of morality. Money covers the man's sins. I wish modern society had the insight of the poet: —

> Yes, stone the woman — let the man go free!
> Draw back your skirts, lest they, perchance
> May touch her garment as she passes;
> But to him put forth a willing hand
> To clasp with his which led her to destruction
> And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
> Ways of toil, that she no more may win an
> Honest meal; but ope to him all honorable
> Paths, where he may win distinction;
> Give to him fair, pressed-down measures of
> Life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O maiden,
> With a pure, proud face, if she puts out
> A poor, polluted palm; but lay thy hand in
> His on bridal day and swear to cling to him
> With wifely love and tender reverence,
> Trust him who led a sister woman
> To a fearful fate.
> Yes, stone the woman — let the man go free!
> Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two —

It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But oh, how will it be
On that great day of fire and flame,
When men shall stand before the one true
Judge? Shall sex then make a difference in
Sin? Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden
Heart, in His eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

I do not say that every man who has a fortune and offers you his hand is unworthy of you, for some of our richest men are among our best men. What I say is that you are to be concerned about the man and not about his money. On the other hand, love is not all. It is possible to love one wholly unworthy of you, but love is so much that in mating for life it must have large sway. Leave out in your consent to marry pure and wisely-directed love and you will do violence to your nature, violence to the law of God, and invite the whirlwind.

How did this noble wife of a drunken churl deport herself? Did his harshness spoil her temper? Did she aggravate his coarse nature by

bitter complaints? Did she make home unattractive and her person disagreeable, and thus give him a seeming pretext for his wickedness? No, she did all she could have done had he been all that he ought to have been to her. Though unloved, unappreciated, neglected and oftentimes abused, she was evermore to him a true, faithful and devoted wife.

If you are in similar circumstances, copy her example. Make home attractive, don't excite him by useless recriminations, make home the sweetest place possible, and by kind words strive to win him to wisdom's ways. Should success not crown your efforts, still do your duty tenderly and faithfully, and the mightiness of God's grace will make equal to your day — dark, stormy and troublous though it be.

CHAPTER X.

THE CULTURE OF THE CHILD.

ACCURACY — The great want of Americans is accuracy. If a man is to be accurate he must be taught it in his childhood or he will never learn it. As a small mistake in leveling an arrow at the hand makes a great difference at the mark, so a small mistake in the notion of truth makes a wide difference in the telling of the truth. Tennyson had this motto in incrusted tiles on the pavement of his entrance hall: "The Truth Against the World."

AFFECTATION — Some one has said that affectation is a greater enemy to the face than smallpox. If the young woman who drawls and lisps and chops and clips her words could see herself as others see her she would then know what a simpleton she makes of herself, and that affec-

tation, like mildew on the peach, robs it of all its beauty.

A child is never affected naturally; he must be made affected either by imitation or by instruction. When Cicero consulted the oracle at Delphos concerning what course of studies he should pursue, the answer was, "Follow Nature." Let every one do this and affectation will be unknown. A French writer truly says: "We are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities which we have as by those which we aim at or affect to have."

ANGER — It should as quickly as possible be subdued in the child, not by yourself getting into a passion, but "by a soft answer, which turneth away wrath," and by drawing his attention to something else until he be calm and then lovingly tell him his faults. "Anger is like the waves of a troubled sea. When it is corrected with a soft reply, as with a little strand, it retires and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells — no permanent mischief." It is said of Julius Cæsar that when provoked he used to repeat the whole Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak.

CONSIDERATION — For the feelings of others; this is something that the child ought early to be taught. Robert Southey tells the story that when he was a little fellow there was a black boy in the neighborhood whom he and other boys used to torment by calling him "negro, blackamoor," and other degrading epithets. The poor fellow was excessively grieved, and one day when going skating Southey found that one of his skates was broken and he borrowed the black boy's skates. When he returned them and told the boy under how many obligations he was to him for his kindness, the negro boy said to Southey, with tears in his eyes, "Don't ever call me blackamoor again;" and Southey burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black boy.

In Chicago a few years ago the Mayor sent a request to the president of the Board of Education with reference to the ill-treatment and persecution to which Jewish children were subjected by their schoolmates, the result of which was that the Superintendent of Schools issued instructions

to the principals of all the schools to warn their pupils against calling offensive names, throwing stones or otherwise injuring Jewish children and poor Jews who were working with might and main to earn an honest living.

I have seen Jewish children go home from our public schools in tears because of the offensive epithets with which they were taunted.

Bigotry is the whole man put into a Chinese slipper and kept there. It is a stint and stench upon the human name, and makes man unlovely wherever there is light and nobleness. A great deal of bigotry comes from wrong education in the home circle. Parents, never caricature or jeer other denominations that differ from yours. That kind of education often results just opposite to what was expected. The children grow up to see for themselves and find that the people in those churches love God and keep His commandments, and by natural reaction they join those churches. Bigotry often starts early in the home. There are tens of thousands of bigots eight years old.

COURTESY — A disagreeable child is likely to grow up a churl. It is about time now that Americans began to cultivate the finer sensibilities. Emerson says: "Give a boy dress and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble to earn or own them. They solicit him to enter and possess." Children depend for their good manners upon the example set by their parents. No policy pays like politeness. Let two young men apply for the same situation, and usually the better-mannered will get the job.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S COMPANIONS — Solomon says: "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." A wise and good teacher once refused to let his son and daughter go into what he considered unsafe company when they were quite grown up. The daughter accused her father of underestimating their development into manhood and womanhood. To convince her of her mistake and the pernicious effects of associating with the bad, the father gave

her a dead coal of fire and requested her to handle it. Her white hands were soon soiled, and she said to her father: "We cannot be too careful in handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coal, even if it do not burn, blackens. So it is with the company of the vicious." There is nothing in which the young ought to be more careful than in selecting their company.

It is impossible to take coals of fire in our hands and not be burned. Neither can we associate with the low and vulgar without becoming low and vulgar ourselves. The ancient Pythagoras, before he admitted any one into his school, made inquiry as to who had been his companion, as he regarded those who were careless about their companionships as not likely to derive much benefit from his instruction.

A story is told of two parrots that lived near to each other. One was accustomed to sing hymns, while the other was addicted to swearing. The owner of the latter obtained permission for it to associate with the former, in the

hope that its bad habit would be corrected, but the opposite result followed, for both learned to swear alike.

Petrarch says: "Let no man deceive himself by thinking that the contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. They are yet greater — they sink deeper and come on more unsuspectedly."

Let me further put into a few "don'ts" some hints on the culture and training of a child:

Don't coddle the child. Gratify many wants and you will make a slave of the boy. Your husband is probably a better man than your boy is likely to become because he had to rough it. Live in simplicity. Stick close to nature, and you are sure not to go far wrong.

Don't dismiss your child to an ignorant hireling. If you have never seriously tried the companionship of a little child you have missed one of the greatest pleasures of life. Join in the child's games. Solve his doubts. Answer his questions. Become a child again.

Don't deceive your child. Keep your prom-

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ises. Let your word to your child be your bond.

Don't make your child an epicure. Better for his health and happiness that a child be brought up more as a Spartan than as a Sybarite. Simple food is best for the health. Don't lead him to the belief that he lives merely to eat and not eats to live.

Don't tell ghost stories. The Pennsylvania Dutch delight in ghost stories, and how many horrible nights I spent as a boy in consequence. I used to be distracted at the figure of a tree or the shaking of a bulrush, and affrighted at my own shadow.

Don't surfeit your children with severe religion, unless you want to turn them against it. Christianity is not a cynic. The Gospel message is joy.

Don't make home irksome. If you would not have your children lost to you in after life, make home happy to them when they are young. Don't force the children to look elsewhere than at home for pleasure.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN OF YOUR BOY.

EMERSON says: "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of men the country turns out." "Manhood overtops all titles." A man is rich or poor, not according to what he has, but what he is. "'Tis only noble to be good." Collateral can never take the place of character. Character is capital.

Anciently the Romans worshiped virtue and honor as gods; they built two temples, which were so situated that none could enter the temple of honor without passing through the temple of virtue. Among the Greeks and Romans in their best days honor was more sought after than wealth. Times changed. Wealth became the surest passport to honor and respectability was

endangered by poverty. But "Rome was Rome no more" when the imperial purple had become an article of traffic and when gold could purchase with ease the honors that patriotism and valor once secured only with difficulty. Goldsmith more than hints that money does not make the man when he says:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

It is easier to acquire money than character. In the estimation of the better-thinking world there is one thing more valuable than property and higher than position — it is manhood. Better be a man than merely a millionaire.

How, then, may you make a really useful man of your boy?

It is a rule in the Imperial family of Germany that every young man shall learn a trade, going through a regular apprenticeship till he is able to do good journey-work. This is required because, in the event of unforeseen changes, it is deemed necessary to a manly independence that the heir apparent or a prince of the blood should

be conscious of ability to make his own way in the world. This is an honorable custom, worthy of universal American emulation. The Jews wisely held the maxim that every youth, whatever his position in life, should learn some trade. The Talmud says: "He who teaches his son no trade is as if he taught him to steal." Franklin says: "He that hath a trade hath an estate."

Find out where your boy's talents lie and what groove he is intended to fill. To succeed he must follow the bent of his genius. Your boy is born with talents for some pursuit. If you make of him anything else but what nature intended him for, you will make him worse than nothing. Rather let him be a shoemaker and put genius in his work than be a preacher whom nobody wants to hear. No matter how honorable the business or profession, let him not enter upon it unless his talents lie in that direction.

Urge him to select a clean occupation, an occupation that will develop him, which will elevate him, which will give him a chance for self-improvement and promotion. Remember that all

work, however humble, is honorable, and that the most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors. Franklin left upon the printing office an impress which has benefited the profession of printers ever since. Blacksmiths love to speak of Elihu Burritt. The day has gone by when man needs to hang his head on account of the humbleness of his vocation. As Pope has it:

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Let your boy wait upon himself as much as possible. The more he has to depend upon himself the more manly a fellow he will show himself to be. Self-dependence will call out his energies, bring into exercise his talents. Pythagoras says: "Ability and necessity dwell near each other." It is not in the hothouse, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants grow. So it is with man. The wisest charity is to help a boy to help himself. Let him never hear any language but this: "You have your own way to make, and it de-

pends on your own exertion whether you starve or live."

Show your boy that every man stands or falls by himself, that individual manhood is what tells in this land of the free. You cannot legislate prosperity. God's way is work. You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge one for yourself.

Teach him to tell the truth at all times, under all circumstances and in the face of all risks. To do this may require as much courage as was ever displayed upon the field of battle, amid the glitter of cold steel and the rattle of musketry. Of all the valiant men in the world, let him be chief who dares to tell the truth.

With the first lispings of speech teach your boy to speak accurately on all subjects, be they trivial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell a lie. By example show him the strict letter of the fact and do not deal in the marvelous.

If your boy has committed a fault or carelessly broken anything, takes the full blame upon

himself and makes no excuses about it, that boy will make every inch a man. Encourage him to tell the truth. Do not whip him, because, like a little man, he tells the truth. Whip him, he may lie the next time to escape the whipping. There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor, trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman, nothing else ever will.

St. Peter enjoins us to "love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." Courtesy as a Christian duty has been sorely neglected by Americans. "If a civil word or two will make a man happy," said a French king, "he must be wretched indeed who will not give them to him." Dr. Johnson once remarked: "A man has no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." Money, talent and influence are keys that turn some locks, but the kindly manner is

the master key that can open all. Emerson said: "Give a boy dress and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble to earn nor to own them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

Everybody avoids a repulsive personality. An offensive manner jars upon refined taste. "Virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner." More men succeed in life by their kindliness of manner than by their talents. Good manners, like the sunshine, are welcome everywhere. The world needs much of this sunshine, and it has great rewards for those who supply its wants. Good manners are the rails on which you can ride into the Union Depot of Success. If your passing provokes a hiss you have laid the rails wrong; if it wins applause you are on the right rails and the depot is not far distant.

A few gentlemen are born, far more are made. Old William of Wykeham said, "Manners maketh man," but it were nearer the truth to say,

"Man makes his manners," and his manners make his success or account for the lack of it.

Teach your boy to be strictly honest in all his dealings with his brothers and sisters. Cheating in childish games and disregard of the property rights of others should not go unrebuked by parents. If a boy disregards the rights of his brothers and sisters he will grow up to disregard the rights of men.

Caution your boy to be scrupulously honest in little things. It may be a small thing to insist that he cannot honestly use the postage stamps of his employer for his private correspondence. The amount involved is trivial, but the principle is all-important.

Should a father read this page, let me say to him that he has duties, too. Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy who is happy in his father. Some fathers are not wise. They reserve all their social charms for strangers, are dull at home, forbid their children to go into the nicely furnished rooms, make home as irksome as possible, forget

that they were once young, deny their children every amusement and pleasure. Many of the sons of most pious parents turn out badly because they are surfeited with severe religion, not the religion of Christ, who was Himself reproved by the prototypes of such severe folks. However busy you are, find a few moments at least every day to romp with your boy. The father who is too dignified to carry his boy pick-back, or, like Luther, to sing and dance with his children, or, like Chalmers, to trundle the hoop, lacks not only one of the finest elements of greatness, but fails in one of his plainest duties to his children. One of the inalienable rights of your children is happiness at your hands. Remember that the children belong as much to you as to your wife, and it is only just that the little time you are in the house you should relieve her of those cares that are her daily portion.

Don't turn your boy out to spend the night you know not where. Don't allow him to go out at night to see the sights or to find pleasure in the amusements of the city unless you go with

him until he is grown to man's estate and his habits are formed. If you want to make your boy's destruction sure, give him unwatched liberty after dark.

There are many things of which ignorance is bliss and wisdom folly — things which a man cannot learn without being damaged all his life. "As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of."

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOME AND THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

WOMAN is not the inferior of man. There is no fair question of superiority or inferiority; it is foolish to raise it. In their own way, each is both inferior and superior; the inferiority is no cause of shame, the superiority no reason for glorying. They are unlike, each incomplete without the other, and it is in their unlikeness that their power over each other lies, and against every attempt to destroy or diminish that unlikeness the instinct of either sex will forever impose an insurmountable barrier, making every manly man recoil from a masculine woman, with a repulsion equaled only by that which a sensible woman feels for an effeminate man.

Ruskin well sums up the controversy over the question of the equality of the sexes, thus: "We

are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the superiority of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each is what the other is not; each completes the other and is completed by the other, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving of the other what the other one can give."

For woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse;
Could we make her as the man, sweet love were slain.
His dearest bond is this, not like to like,
But like in difference.

Education is not cramming the mind with facts; it is not stuffing the memory with things in text-books. In France they have a process of fattening poultry by thrusting food down the throats of the poor creatures, who meanwhile are so fastened that they cannot escape or resist. Some methods of education resemble that.

But we are beginning to learn that education proceeds rather from within than from without; it means the development of powers and gifts of God already in the child — to evolve, to de-

velop, to educe an immortal intelligence, to fit a personal moral agent to do her or his duty in that state of life to which she or he may have been called.

We say to the young man: "Make the best of yourself; read, learn, think. Educate yourself by all means within your reach." Education helps to make a man, it takes him from the littleness of humanity and interests him in the great things of life.

But why is this not as true of a woman as of a man? Why should she be taught that the uses of education are attained if she appears well in society and avoids those mistakes that betray ignorance? Why should manners be regarded as almost everything, and the substance of a cultivated, intellectual nature almost nothing?

Women, as a rule, think of education as a schooling that has to be endured until the age of eighteen or twenty-one, the object of which is to make them appear as well as others in their own circle, and therefore give them an equal chance of success — in marrying well.

We say to the boy: "Make a man of yourself." Why not say to the girl: "Make a woman of yourself?"

Instead we say: "Learn to be ladylike; to enter a room in a stiff and awkward gait is a shame." It makes the cultivation of the mind wait on the prettiness of the body. It makes a woman's education less important than her manners, and the dancing master more indispensable than any teacher. It degrades womanhood. It teaches the young woman to respect herself for what she appears to be rather than for what she really is.

Some study or general plan of reading is kept up, for a year perhaps, after leaving school, or until she stands at the marriage altar, and then, the great purposes of education having been secured, the further improvement of the mind is accounted unnecessary.

I do not mean to be sarcastic. Anybody with a bad temper can attain that kind of wit. I should be sorry, therefore, if I should seem sarcastic, where I only intend to speak the truth.

Women writers themselves make the complaint more strongly than I would venture to do that woman's education is often conducted, both in schools and afterwards, as if the chief end of woman was to be married and the chief object of education to secure a rich husband.

But the education needed to make her think, to make a woman of her, to teach her self-respect, which means self-reliance, self-support, if need be, is comparatively neglected. This is the great error by which, more than anything else, woman is prevented from taking her right position in society and from exerting her full influence.

All true reform must begin by educating woman to a better sense of what is due to herself, and, through her, to the world.

Mothers, I appeal to you, look beyond the drawing room of your friends, where your daughters are to be seen, perhaps shown. Look higher than to get them married off. Prepare them not merely to dazzle in the circle of fashion and gay party, seek to polish the exterior by what are called accomplishments, but give them also a

solid substratum of intelligence, good sense and social virtue.

Let their memories be stored with facts. Teach them the use of the intellect in the way of deep reflection, sound judgment and accurate discrimination.

Cultivate everything that can add grace, elegance and ornament to the woman. But, above all, educate the woman so that she will be man's helpmate, and not simply his help-eat; his companion, and not his doll to be dressed, his toy to be played with, or his baby to be kept from crying with a sugar plum.

I want woman to realize that she was made for a higher purpose, a nobler use, a grander destiny than fashionable littleness, elegant trifles and fascinating airs. Her powers are rich and strong, her genius bold and daring.

She may walk the fields of thought, achieve the victories of mind, spread around her the testimonials of her worth, and make herself known and felt as man's co-worker and equal in what-

soever exalts the mind, embellishes life or sanctifies humanity.

The rudimentary idea of a college is that it is a preparation for what comes after. Every young woman should be trained to do some useful thing well enough to support herself by it if necessary. How enviable the independence she would thus attain! How much more calmly could she then face threatened misfortune. But there is no training for business, however thorough and important for emergencies, to be compared with the practical knowledge of housekeeping and home-making.

How much higher the plane on which she would approach the question of marriage. She would cease to be a burden taken off the hands of parents, nor would marriage be a mercenary shift resorted to for support.

Our teachers frequently find the chief obstacle not with the girls themselves, but with their mothers. The education of our daughters is what it is because of the snobbery of the newly rich or fashionable and fancifully educated mothers, who

dip into a hundred books without understanding any; who have a smattering of three or four languages, but cannot express themselves with simplicity in their own; who have a great deal of knowledge, but have no industry to accomplish anything useful — too superficial to value solid work, too eager devotees of ambition to pay for other clothing than that which will meet the demands of the finified fooleries of fashion.

The average woman is not only kept in ignorance of all the details of household duties, by which the beginning of many a woman's married life is often made a series of blunders and the result often not only mortifying and costly, but ludicrous.

In the home is embosomed God's own trust, the hope of the Church and the destiny of the Republic.

To do with cheerful heart, courageous will, and with a holy devotion beautify and glorify the home which man's love and industry provides; to keep forever bright the tarnished doors of the earthly side of Paradise, is the grandest position

beneath the sun for the woman with educated mind and trained hand to occupy.

In an old churchyard stood a stone
  Weather-marked and stained,
The hand of time crumbled it
  So only part remained.
Upon one side I could trace,
  "In memory of our Mother."
An epitaph which spoke of home
  Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame,
  High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble stone
  Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused
  And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
  Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy!"
  What a noble record left;
A legacy most sweet
  To those she left bereft;
And what a testimony given
  By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone
  That marked their mother's rest.

WILL THE COMING MAN MARRY

A noble life; but written not
  In any book of fame,
Among the list of noted ones
  None ever saw her name;
For only her own household knew
  The victories she had won,
And none but they could testify
  How well her work was done.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUST FOR A HAT.

AN English paper, speaking of a marriage celebrated some years ago when it was the fashion for ladies to wear birds' wings not only on their hats, but also on their dresses, described the dresses of eleven bridesmaids trimmed with feathers and down from swans and robins.

Those dresses should have been smeared all over with blood.

When the fashion was at its height and all the corners of the earth were ransacked for bird wings, one London dealer received a single consignment of 32,000 dead humming-birds, and another received at one time 30,000 aquatic birds and 800,000 pairs of wings. Rev. F. R. Marvin is authority for the statement that at one auction in London there were sold 404,389 West Indian

and Brazilian bird skins and 356,389 East Indian, together with thousands of pheasants and birds-of-paradise.

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
  Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung—
  Bared just for that.

Think of the others, too,
Others and mothers, too,
  Bright eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan-birdling's despair—
  Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
  Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world;
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled,
  Some women want that!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
  Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet—
  Death, and for that!

The men who go to the seal-fishing hold the young seal on the ice, and when it cries the mother comes from under the ice and takes it by the tail, then the father follows and in turn takes the mother by the tail, and then the fishers take their clubs and kill first the father, then the mother, and last of all the young seal. What cruelty, you say, but is it not just as bad to kill a poor bird, when, in her extraordinary confidence in the human race, she puts herself and her offspring in the power of men and sits in her nest out of love for her young, till you can catch her?

A bird census, the first to be taken in this country, has recently been made under the direction of Mr. William T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Park. By a bird census it is not meant that the numbers of our feathered friends actually have been counted, but that a fairly exact and scientifically valuable enumeration has been made, and the results furnish serious food for thought on the part of those who desire to see the plume and song and game birds of the country saved from utter destruction.

Mr. Hornaday writes: "While this scourge of bird destruction is prevalent in all parts of the country, the recent census shows that it is more general in some sections than in others. Of the thirty-seven States from which reports have been filed, a marked decrease, amounting to an average of 46 per cent for the last fifteen years, is shown. At this rate, unless protective laws are passed, the most attractive species of our birds will be practically extinct by the end of the first quarter of the century."

President Lincoln, while out walking with his secretary one day, turned aside and lifted a little bird that had fallen from its nest and put it back again. This was the act of a kind and great and good man. Oh, what cruelty is perpetrated upon birds! The poor things are shot down in the name of sport, and with broken legs and broken wings they fall into some covert place and there die after long agony.

Already the punishment has come to us for our extinction of the most beautiful of God's creatures. The trees are eaten bare, the leaves of

the shrub are destroyed by caterpillars. The crops are eaten up at the roots. Thus inhumanity, like curses, comes home to roost.

Leonardo da Vinci, a man great in his kindness to birds and animals, great as an architect, a military engineer, a philosopher and an artist, was accustomed to buy birds in cages for the purpose of restoring them to liberty. A picture has been painted of this noble artist doing his deed of mercy, with the released birds fluttering around their deliverer, and the empty cages at his feet. "If your heart be right," said an ancient sage, "then every creature is a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine." Marvel complains:

> The wanton troopers riding by
> Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
> Ungentlemen, they cannot thrive
> Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
> Them any harm; alas! nor could
> Thy death yet do them any good.

The papers had it some time ago that among the visitors to the soldiers at Fort Sheridan was a lady who wore a fashionable hat. It was

trimmed with a white bird with outstretched wings. As she crossed the courtyard a large American eagle, which was the pet of the company of cavalry then quartered at the fort, saw the bird on the lady's hat and swooped down upon it. The lady was almost thrown off her feet and was greatly alarmed. She screamed for help, but before any one could go to her assistance the eagle had carried off both bird and hat. Several men climbed to the roof whither the bird had carried its prey, but the eagle was not to be caught. It flew to a higher roost out of the reach of its pursuers. There it settled to enjoy its meal, but when it found that the bird was only a stuffed imitation it vented its disappointment by tearing it and the hat to tatters. The owner of the hat accepted the situation and left the fort bareheaded without giving her name. The instinct of the bird of prey was natural, but how about the woman who lends her influence to the destruction of song birds for ornaments? Animals appear to be taking the place of birds' plumes on the hats of the women of Paris. Small

chinchillas, charming little creatures, nearly akin to the rat, were a few years ago a favorite form of adornment, the soft gray of the fur harmonizing beautifully with blue velvet, for instance. It remains to be seen where this cruelty will stop. An Italian countess prided herself on the fact that she had a cloak trimmed with the heads of beautiful little kittens. A hundred little animals put to death to satisfy the cruel vanity of a woman!

Let the strong hand of the law intervene and stay this destructive custom which is silencing the song and stilling forever the life of the beautiful birds that voice the benediction of God. Remember that God will hold you responsible for the treatment of animals. Said Jesus, when speaking of the birds: "Not one of them is forgotten before God."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE TONGUE.

WOMAN generally gets the credit for the gossiping business. It is said that when the Lord made man he gave him ten measures of speech and that the woman ran away with nine of them. The Chinese say that a woman's sword is her tongue and she never lets it rust. Many a woman's tongue is like an express train running along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, pouring out its rain of sparks on every side and setting everything on fire. But justice compels me to say that the men are just as bad blabs as the women. Indeed, many women have become so useful to the community that they have retired from the gossiping business, and babbling, tattling, sly whispering and impertinent meddling men have

succeeded them and are trespassing constantly on the community with their tongues.

Doré's hideous picture from Dante, in which men are represented as gnawing skull bones in the infernal regions; in which men are represented as feeding from off their victims — these are enough to shock us and make us hate such pictorial illustrations; but we see these things in life.

Without any intention, perhaps, of doing injury to a neighbor, a careless remark may be seized by a babbler, and as a snowball grows by rolling it, so does a story by telling; it passes through the babbling tribe, growing larger and larger, and darker and darker, and by the time it has rolled through Babbletown, it has assumed the magnitude and blackness of base slander.

> The world with calumny abounds;
> The whitest virtue slander wounds.
> There are those whose joy is night and day
> To talk a character away.
> Eager from place to place they haste
> To blast the generous and the chaste;
> And hunting reputation down,
> Proclaim their triumphs through the town.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE TONGUE

An unjust and unfavorable innuendo is started ainst a person of unblemished character, it soon umes the dignity of a problem, and, to use the ure of another, is solved by the rule of double sition, and the result is increased by geometal progression and permutation of quantities; d before truth can get her shoes on, a stain, deep d damning, has been stamped on the fair fame an innocent victim by an unknown hand.

'Twas but a breath —
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted,
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers, hushed and low,
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whispered — one —
That muttered low, for very shame,
That thing the slanderer dare not name,
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul, in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Philip de Neri was visited by a woman, who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction. "Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

Even after a rumor has been proven false, the harm it has done can seldom, if ever, be undone. Before repeating a bit of gossip ask yourself: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? Let constant your firm resolve ever be to make this your practice, and you will be saved from many bitter

memories, and, perhaps, life-long regrets. Why is it that people are so prone to publish abroad a neighbor's shame and pass by lightly his or her virtuous actions? There is a lot of human nature in these lines:

> And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
> Of loudly publishing a neighbor's shame;
> On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born to die.

Woman's inhumanity to woman has "made countless thousands mourn." Among many species of animals, if one of their number is wounded and falls, he is at once torn to pieces by his fellows. Traces of this animal cruelty are seen in men to-day, but especially in women. Let a woman fall from virtue, and nine-tenths of her sisters will turn and tear her to pieces, and the next day the man who accomplished her ruin will be smiled on and almost congratulated on his achievement.

Slanderers are always small-souled. The ignorant ridicule and criticise. True worth never exults in the failings of others. "Faults are

always thick where love is thin." "A white cow is all black if your eyes choose to make it so."

When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of him, he felt a difficulty. Alexander, in his wars, had been struck by a sword and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said: "If I retain the scar, it will be an offense to the admirer of the monarch, and if I omit it, it will fail to be a perfect likeness. What shall I do?" He hit upon a happy expedient — he represented the Emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, as it seemed, covering the scar on his forehead. Let this be our ever constant resolve: Paint each other with the finger of charity upon the scar of man or woman, hiding the ugly mark, and revealing only the beautiful, the true and the good.

CHAPTER XV.

FASHION — RIGHT AND WRONG.

THAT we should all be clad as beautifully and as gracefully as possible is proved by the fact that God has put robes of beauty and glory upon all His works. Every flower is dressed in richness; every field blushes beneath a mantle of beauty; every cloud is a shadowy reflection of beauty; every sky is studded with stars, and every star is a blazing face of beauty; the fallen leaves are jeweled with dripping dew; the thunderstorm has tied about it the beautiful ribbon of the rainbow and even the black smoke ascends in outlines of indescribable gracefulness.

The love of beauty belongs to every woman. A sloven is an abomination. Rudeness is sin. Excess is what I inveigh against. The prevailing spirit of extravagance is making more de-

faulters than any other one thing. Many a man has given up all high ambition for study, for self-denying service of his fellow-men, stifled the voice of his conscience when it demanded sacrifice, and devoted himself to the one object of gaining by hook or crook (and either of them is far from being straight) the wherewithal to keep sunshine in his house by the unlimited indulgence of a fashion-pampered woman's fancies.

Dress has sent many men to the penitentiary.

Many a poor girl, bewildered by the applause which greets her pompous sisters, concludes that the world loves ornament and display above character and disposition, and soon is wrapped in style at the expense of virtue. Faust's casket of jewels — who shall count the Marguerites it has slain?

Fashion is the great foe of church-going. In many churches people pass the time wondering who that woman's dressmaker is and what milliner she patronizes. The best-bred people of every country, except our own, avoid all personal display in the house of God.

To worship in fine apparel or go to worship in a carriage need not affect the personal piety of the devotee, but we have a very decided opinion in regard to their influence upon the religion of others. The church being the only place this side of the grave designed for the rich and poor to meet together in equal prostration before God, it should always be free for and accessible to this common brotherhood.

Fashion has taken away the churches from the down-town sections of our American cities. To reach St. Peter's, in Rome, you must go through dark and filthy streets; St. Stephen's, in Vienna, is in the midst of darker and more repellent streets; St. Paul's, in London, is surrounded by small shops; St. Margaret's and Westminster are in the midst of the packed and commercial parts of the city, and in these famous churches the poor in rags and wretchedness and the wealthiest and most eminent, whose appropriate sobriety of dress leaves them without mark of distinction, kneel down together, equalized by a common humiliation before a common Father.

The adoption of more simple apparel on the part of the rich, in this country, while not diminishing their own personal piety, would probably increase the disposition for religious observance on the part of the poor.

Fashion dwarfs the intellect and eats out the heart of our people. Genius dies on its luxurious altar. Talent withers in its voluptuous embrace. Virtue gives up the ghost at her nod. It has made society a great showroom, hollow and insincere.

Fashion kills more than the hardships of poverty. The shop girl sees two generations of her fashionable sisters fade away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, lives to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The cook is hearty and strong, while the woman dressed like a doll, fed to order, must be nursed like a baby and kept from a hysterical fit by a sugar plum.

The woman of fashion draws out of life all the warmth, absorbs the attention and dutiful care of parent, husband and friends, and gives

out nothing but cold indifference. Wherever she goes the atmosphere drops below zero. She just absorbs, like a sponge. Blessings are hers day by day, and God's love and goodness are about her like the atmosphere. She drinks these things into her being and gives out nothing; no sympathy, no charity, no kindness, no love.

What is life? Not a mere lapse of years. We need often to remind ourselves of the truth contained in the lines of Bailey's "Festus":

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Adornment can never take the place of graces of character. If you will wear ornaments outwardly, see to it that there are pearls and diamonds within; and that for everything that is beautiful, either in hair or dress, there is something richer for the hidden life of the soul.

The devices of the toilet may disguise a bad complexion, but all the arts of a Jezebel cannot remove from her countenance the traces of pride,

or paint there the sweet motherliness of a Hannah. "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion." That is God's picture of what He sees in the woman of fair face and in fashionable fabrics, but with mind unstored and hand in the lap of indolence.

"Whose adorning let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

It is worthy of remark that Plato, the loftiest of all the Grecian sages, has a passage which strikingly resembles that of the Apostle: "Behavior and not gold is the ornament of a woman."

To courtesans these things, ornaments and jewels, are advantageous to their catching more admirers; but for a woman who wishes to enjoy the favor of one man, good behavior is its proper ornament, and not dresses, and you should have the blush upon your countenance, which is the sign of modesty, instead of paint, and worth and sobriety instead of gold and emeralds.

Let not fashion demand of you a style of dress

insufficient to keep out the cold and rain and that will imperil your health. "What! Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which you have of God, and ye are not your own?"

Submit to no style of dress which will compromise your modesty or puts the modest man in the position where he does not know what to do with his eyes. Wear no costume which suggests impure thoughts to the beholder.

You were made for better companionship than those of whom it is said:

Their only labor is to kill time,
  And labor dire it is and weary woe,
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
  Or saunter forth with tottering step and slow.

Life is not a toy to be played with, an ornament to exhibit, a bubble to float in the air, nor an insect to dance on the wave until some wind overtakes it; it is not a slow or dreamy indulgence, not a plague that wastes. Life is a great gift of God, a single opportunity with possibilities vast

enough to fill time and eternity with the beatitudes of God, the joy of angels and the praise of men.

Henceforth let your life be such as the poet sweetly sings:

I live for those who love me,
  For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
  And waits my coming, too.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
  For the good that I can do.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRETFUL WOMAN.

THAT was a strange plague we read about in Leviticus: It seemeth to me there is as it were a plague in the house. It first appeared in a little green or reddish spot, growing on the wall of the house. The person living in the house had then to go to the priest and say to him: "It seemeth to me there is as it were a plague in the house." Then the priest came and examined the discoloration, and if it bore a suspicious appearance he ordered the house to be locked up for seven whole days.

If at the end of that time the spot had spread, the part of the wall in which it showed itself was taken down and carried away and built again with new stones and declared safe to dwell in.

If this treatment did not succeed in getting

rid of the mischief, the priest knew that it was the plague, and all the stones were carried away to a distance. If after all this care had been taken the spot appeared again, then they knew it was no use trying further that way. This was the "fretting leprosy," as it was called, so the house was ordered to be pulled down and all its materials carried away into an unclean place, and a new house was built in its stead with entirely new stones.

We still have plagues in our houses. Something different from the "fretting leprosy," perhaps, and yet something like it, too. Many excellent people pass numberless hours of sadness and weariness of heart, because they have failed to adopt the true philosophy of life. They wait for happiness instead of going to work and making it, and while they wait they torment themselves with borrowed troubles, and cross bridges to which they never come. If you are "at home" to "the blues," they are sure to call. They have a way of calling anyway with a formal invitation. As Frank L. Stanton writes:

THE FRETFUL WOMAN

Whar'd they come from? Day by day,
You kin see them on the way,
Just a trudgin' up the slope—
Drawin' all the bells of Hope!
Comin' in the doors to chide you,
Drawin' up a chair beside you.

Something is wrong all the time with some people, because they make it so. They never have any pleasure because they never get ready to enjoy it. They really enjoy poor health. They are as prone to grumble as the poor woman who, being asked if she were satisfied when a pure water supply was introduced into her city, said: "Not so well as I might; it's not like the water we had before; it neither smells nor tastes."

The grumblers' lot is harder than falls to other mortals; their home is the worst of anybody's; their street is getting worse every day; they have more trouble than anybody else and always expect to have; they are never so happy as when they grumble, and if everything worked to their satisfaction, they would still grumble because there was nothing to grumble about.

While we are perfectly willing that the grum-

bler should go to heaven at death, everybody is heartily glad to get rid of him or her on earth. The most lovable people have their nervous days, their fretful days and their days of being generally out of sorts; but this is one thing; or even reprimand where reproof or rebuke is a duty, but it is quite another to keep up an intermittent, never-ending, still-beginning patter of fault-finding, fretting and nagging, keeping up such a scattering fire of small shot in the way of sarcasm and complaint day by day.

A wasp, dangerous as is contact with it, is a comfortable housemate in comparison with a fretting woman. A wasp only stings when disturbed, but an habitual fretter buzzes if she doesn't sting. Nothing goes right with fretters. Even the common movements of Providence are all wrong. The winds are everlastingly perverse, blowing dust in the face or not fanning them as they should, too wet or too dry, the seasons roll on badly, the climate is vicious, and when you greet them on the most beautiful sunshiny morning with "A fine day, is it not?" they will dolefully

and repeatedly warn you that you have "to pay up for it before night."

There is no vice except drunkenness that can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home as fretting. Husband-nagging should be put in the same category with wife-beating. John Wesley said he had no more right to fret than to swear. The fretter is not only a sinner against the harmony of society, but even a gross violator of the law of God.

A cross-grained old farmer caught a young girl going through his field. "Who gave you leave to go through that field?" "I thought there was a path." "A path! No, there is not." "I'll go back then." "Back, indeed! I own back and fore." So she could not move to please him. There are such peculiar people at large. They live in a perpetual storm. Suddenly, when you least expect it, the sky becomes black, the wind rises and there is a growling thunder and pelting rain. Life takes its hues in a great degree from the color of your own mind. Be frank and the world will treat you kindly. Be

suspicious and the world will treat you coldly. Take things as they come — and if they don't come don't take them. Look at the bright side of things — if it has no bright side brush up one of the dark ones. "Nothing so bad, but it might be worse." "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world." "Every cloud has a silver lining." "It's a long lane that has no turning." "The darkest hour of night is that which precedes the dawn."

Stop worrying about self. The "Great Golden Remedy" for fretting is not a proprietary medicine, but it cures, and there is no danger of an overdose.

> Whenever you are feeling blue,
> Something for someone else go do.

Form the habit of thinking how much there is to cheer you, even when there may be much to depress. A poor widow, not having any bedclothes to shelter her boy from the snow which was blowing through the cracks of her miserable hovel, used to cover him with boards. One night he said to her smilingly and contentedly:

"Ma, what do poor folks do these cold nights that haven't any boards to put on their children?"

A poor widow living in a house open to snow in the winter, and who could have no fire when the wind blew, exclaimed: "How favored I am! For when it is coldest the wind does not blow. I can have a fire." When rheumatism disabled one of her feet, she exclaimed again: "How favored I am! I once lost the use of both my feet." Thus in every calamity she saw some especial mercy. "How dismal you look," said a bucket to its companion as they were going to the well. "Ah," replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled, for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way," said the other bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light and you will be as cheerful as I am." Cultivate what is warm and genial, not the cold and the repulsive, the sullen and morose. Smile and

all nature will smile with you; the air will seem more balmy, the sky more clear, the grass will have a brighter green, the trees a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds will sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars will appear more beautiful.

What if the times are hard, it will not make them easier to wear a gloomy countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. In the long run the great balance rights itself. Says Jean Paul Richter: "Be but for one day, instead of a fire worshiper of evil passion, the sun worshiper of a clean-souled joy, and then compare the day in which you rooted out this weed of dissatisfaction with that in which you allowed it to grow, and you will find that by the restraining power your heart has been opened to every good motive, your life strengthened and your soul armed with a panoply against every trick of fate."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WOMAN WHO WINS.

IF you have your own living to earn, you have a peculiar reason to be thankful that you are an American woman. We are not wholly free from snobbishness and the spirit of caste, but in all the world around there is no land where honest work carries less of a stigma, where men and women are taken at their own intrinsic value, than in this peerless, unrivaled, unapproached and unapproachable Republic of ours. Ladies in the best sense of that much-abused word are recognized in any circle that is worth the entering, many of them at some time in their lives earned their own bread. The time was when kings and queens set their subjects the example by laboring with their own hands. Sir Walter Scott relates a cutting reply made to him by the wife of

a noble duke, at whose house he lodged over night. In the morning he heard her give directions to a servant relative to feeding the pigs. On going into the breakfast room he jocosely asked her if the pigs had all breakfasted. "All, sir, but the strange pig I am about to feed," was the witty reply. Sir Walter was mute and walked up to the trough. All honor to the women who make their own way in the world rather than be a burden upon the hands already too heavy-laden, or accept at the hands of strangers the bread and dress of genteelly-disguised charity. It is to your credit that you are not passing down the stream of life at the expense of your fellow passengers.

God made women as well as men for employment. Employment makes the woman in a very great measure. It is not the careful training, neither sound instruction nor good society that makes women. These are the means, but back of these lies the moulding influence of a woman's life, and that is employment.

A woman's occupation makes her — hardens

her muscles, strengthens her body, quickens her blood, sharpens her wits, corrects her judgment, wakes up her inventive genius, arouses her ambition, and makes her feel that she is a woman, by taking a woman's part in life. One hundred and twenty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, does not make a woman. The body, muscle and brain must act a woman's part, do a woman's work, think a woman's thoughts and bear a woman's weight of character and duty, before they constitute a woman.

You can put clothes on a dummy and it appears to be a human being, but to be a woman and appear to be are two very different things. Human beings grow, women are made. We have lady loafers about — gas-bags, air-bubbles, which burst and are gone, butterflies, good enough to dance and dine with masculine grasshoppers — things that glow and die like autumnal insects, despised and forgotten. Idleness from choice is both destructive and disgraceful.

If you want to make a place for yourself in

the world, these rules you must observe with care:

Work! Ninety per cent of what the world calls genius is nothing more than the talent for hard work. There is no genius like the genius of energy and activity.

Charles Dickens said: "My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for my habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." When requested to read a few selections from his writings, he said that he had not time to prepare himself, as it was his custom to read a piece twice daily before appearing with it in public. In that time the average American woman expects to graduate from so-called Colleges of Elocution and Oratory and be prepared to read at sight anything from "Peck's Bad Boy" to Browning.

Idleness never made its way in the world and never will. The world does not owe us a living. Every man and woman alike owes the world work. Nathaniel Hawthorne says: "It is my

creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow-creatures beyond bread and water and a grave unless he can win it by his strength and skill."

Luck waits for something to turn up. Pluck turns up something. Good luck is a woman with her sleeves rolled up, hard at work making things go. Bad luck is a woman with her arms akimbo set, looking for a man to take care of her.

The disparity between men's and women's wages is not always an arbitrary discrimination against woman because she is a woman, it is very often due to difference in the grade of work. Don't look upon your work as a temporary make-shift until some man will make a home for you. Be as determined as the man who succeeds, be thorough, have the same determination to reach the top, and the disparity in the wages will likely disappear.

Find out what groove you are intended to fill. It is hard to run a four-inch slide on a four-inch groove. There are women trying to paint landscapes upon canvas, whose souls have never caught the divine sense of beauty, who should be

scrubbing floors. There are women seeking stenographers' positions who should learn spelling in a secondary school. You may be pitchforked through a course of Latin and Greek, and yet, if you have no practical training along a special line, your service will have little value. And this leads me to say:

Every young woman should be trained to do some useful thing well enough to support herself by it if necessary. And this exigency often occurs, and the helplessness of many a woman of education and refinement under such circumstances is something painful to contemplate. W. D. Howells has thrillingly depicted the struggles of an educated and accomplished woman suddenly left penniless. She sets bravely to work to turn her accomplishments to account for self-support. First, she tries decorating pottery, but her work is not finished enough to bring her the needed income; then she tries coloring photographs, then writing for magazines, then fine millinery — always with the same result. She could do many things fairly well, but nothing well enough to be

well paid for; till at last she comes down to making cheap bonnets for servants, and by that coarser work she manages to eke out a precarious existence, till the novelist, as the only way of extricating her from so trying a situation, is compelled to marry her off. Now this may be fiction, but it is not a stranger to fact. Our great cities are full of heroines of this sort. Let every woman, no matter in how comfortable circumstances her parents may be, master some one thing — and know that one thing clear through — no matter what; let her make her services valuable somewhere; let her know something of what Burns was pleased to call "the glorious privilege of being independent"; how calmly she could then face misfortune.

No woman can hold her position or reasonably hope for an increase in wages if she devotes all the time she can spare from the adornment of her person to the neglect of her duties. Prove your right to the title of a woman. Don't expect the business world to take you upon trust. Prove

that you are a worker and a winner, and the world will make room for you.

Too many working men are like the species of the lobster, which, if left upon the rocks by the receding tide, waits for the returning tide to float it from its temporary prison. There on the rocks it would remain to die, although a slight effort would enable it to reach the waves, tossing but a few feet below. There are many human lobsters, mere " hangers-on" of society, who are entertaining themselves with the idea that because they are women they are to be helped without putting forth any effort themselves.

There is plenty of room, work and welcome in the world for women of determined purpose. They are always at a premium. Let your motto be, Excelsior. What's worth doing at all is worth doing well. Mr. Cross says in the biography of his wife, George Eliot, "She had a wonderful genius for taking pains."

Everybody is in a hurry. Buildings go up in a day and sometimes come down as quickly. Everything is made to sell. Want of thorough-

ness everywhere. Self-help and self-reliance is old-fashioned.

Douglass Jerrold said: "I knew a man with twenty languages, but he had not an idea in them all." Business men won't ask what school you have gone through, they want to know how much of the school has gone through you. Dickens illustrated his saying, "There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness," by his living day and night with the characters of his creation.

Don't worry about your salary. Increase your skill. You have no right to demoralize your character by doing poor work because your pay is small. Suppose you get $5 a week and are worth $10. Shall you just earn the $5? Folks who talk that way never advance. Be proud of your work. You need not hang your head because of the humbleness of your vocation, if it be honorable. The saleswoman may be a lady of polished manners and the society woman a boor.

Be in earnest. Michael Angelo was so filled with enthusiasm in his art, so afraid that money

might taint his brush, that he refused to acccept any pay whatever for his masterpieces in the Vatican and St. Peter's. Napoleon's enthusiasm banished the word "impossible" from his dictionary.

Be polite. Gruffness locks doors, courtesy is an open sesame at which bolts fly back and doors swing open. It is not so much what a woman says or does as the way in which the thing is done or said. A young woman going hurriedly around the corner collided with a little newsboy. His papers went flying in all directions, and he lay motionless for an instant. She lifted him up gently, and when he opened his eyes she gathered him to herself like a mother and said, "Does it hurt much? I am so sorry!" The little fellow replied, "No, it don't hurt when you look at me like that. If you don't mind you can knock me down again." Men appreciate a favor gracefully refused more gratefully than one granted clumsily. All your book learning will never advance you, but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may.

Never boast of your achievements, or angle for compliments by affecting to underrate what you have done. Prefer to act, rather than to talk: to be, rather than to seem, and give prompt attention to those little and apparently insignificant things that may cause pleasure or pain to others.

Whether your employer be generous or oppressive, do your duty; and seek to possess all those qualifications which shall commend you to his esteem.

Be anxious to please, and as earnest to serve your employer as if the business were your own. Suppose yourself in the position of your employer, and consider what you would have fair reason to expect were you in his position, and then act accordingly.

Never slight your work. Aim at excellence. Be in the best sense a clever business-woman.

Let your honesty be above suspicion. Rather slave and die than appropriate an article of clothing, or of decoration, or a dollar of your employer's, to your own use.

As a guard upon your integrity and a check to

temptation dress modestly and live within your income. Vanity is an insatiable passion, and more than anything else leads to dishonesty.

Have the true office spirit, solidarity of interest with your employer.

Be good-tempered, accommodating, amiable and conciliatory; but set your face like a flint against all that is improper. Be an example of all that is good, and then you may be a reprover of all that is bad. Let there be no affected superiority, no standing on a platfrom of empty dignity; nothing like "Stand by, I am holier than thou"; but by all the sweetness and consistency of unaffected goodness stand straight, and then you may be a blessing indeed to those around you.

Another concluding word for your conduct toward those who employ you. Instances which might be multiplied indefinitely prove that caution in this respect is necessary. Men bound by every tie of honor which confiding parents repose in them and by their solemn vow to a wife, have assailed and in many instances destroyed the purity,

the peace, and the life of those whom they were in duty bound to protect.

Spurn with disdain and indignation any such attempts — receive no special attention from and quit the service of the scoundrel whom you suspect of a design against that which ought to be dearer to you, ten thousand times ten thousand over, than even life itself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WOMAN WHO FAILS.

THE girl who starts out without any practical training: Women who spend many years at school are too apt to forget that the great end of life is to be and to do and not to read about and brood over what other men and women have been and done. Business men are less likely to employ the High School and College graduates because the best results ordinarily are obtained from those of their assistants whose education has been along more practical lines. Many of our young women are so exquisitely cultured as to be good for nothing but to be kept in a show case as specimens of what the most approved systems of education can accomplish. It is exactly to this frame of mind that Shakespeare refers when he

speaks of "the native hue of resolution being sicklied o'er with pale caste of thought."

There is no force in mere intellectual ability, standing to use a phrase of Edmund Burke's, in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction.

2. The woman who can turn her hand to anything: To achieve success you must pursue some special line, confine yourself to one particular thing — make one thing your specialty, stick to one thing as Mark Twain sticks to the word "thing" in describing the harnessing of horses to a Swiss diligence: "The man stands up the horse on each side of the thing that projects from the front of the wagon and then throws the tangled mess of gear on top the horses, and passes the thing that goes forward through a ring, and hauls it aft and passes the other thing through the other ring, and hauls it aft on the other side of the other horse opposite the first one; after crossing them and bringing the loose ends back, he then buckles the other thing under the horse, and takes another thing and wraps it around the thing

I spoke of before, and puts another thing over each horse's head, with broad flappers to keep the dust out of his eyes, and puts the iron thing to grit his teeth on up hill, and brings the ends of these things over his back after buckling another thing around his neck to hold his head up, and hitching another thing on the thing that goes over the shoulder to keep his head up when he is climbing a hill, and then takes the slack of the thing I mentioned a while ago, and fetches it aft, and makes it fast to the thing that pulls the wagon and hands the other things up to the driver to steer with."

3. The woman who expects to begin at the top, instead of slowly rising to it: Begin at the bottom and make the bottom stronger because you are there. Intelligently, loyally and earnestly give yourself to your work. Your talents are not thrown away in a small position. If you are the right kind of a worker no place is too small for you. What you need is not so much elbow-room as "elbow-grease," energy and strength. Do your work so well that you make the place bigger

by making people see in it more than they ever saw before. The business world won't take you in trust. Prove that you are a worker and a winner and the world will bow to you and make room for you. There is plenty of room for women of determined purpose. They are always at a premium. If your learning at school, or training at college, does not make you work more intelligently and more successfully, the trouble is with you and not in your education, you are either the wrong kind of girl, or you went to the wrong school — perhaps both.

4. The woman who spends her nights seeking amusements or in "society" instead of rest and recreation: Recreation means to re-create — you cannot come to your work recreated if you spend night after night at parties, and theatres — if you do you will come to the office in the morning weary and out of humor. Of course an occasional good play is a powerful rejuvenant.

A young woman cannot be in society and be in business, any more than a man can drink whisky and be in business; neither mind nor body can be

fresh in the morning that has been kept at a tension the night before by late hours, or been befogged by indulgence in late suppers. You need more sleep at twenty than you do at forty. Benjamin Franklin said: "Six hours' sleep for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool." You take eight. If you grant yourself less than eight hours' sleep every night, you just rob yourself of so much vitality.

Few things are more beneficial than good books, both in their effect upon character and in their giving impulse and impetus to one's work. A high-minded author brings the reader's mind into harmony with his or her hopes and ideals, so that it is impossible afterwards to be satisfied with low or ignoble things.

One reason men rise more rapidly in the business world than women, is because they are more likely to read books about their business, which open to them their possibilities, indicate their tastes, their tendencies and help them to find their place in life. Books help men and women to

form examples that are useful in carrying out high ideals.

5. The woman who is never on time: Men who employ women will bear me witness that few of them are to be relied on for being on time. "Time is money." She who steals my time, steals my money. Franklin said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse, "I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else." "Better late than never," is not so good a maxim as "Better never late." "Too late" can be read between the lines of many a woman who has failed.

6. The woman who talks too much: The secrets of business must be above the danger of leakage. The best kind of business is to mind your own business, and the reason why those women succeed so well who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

7. The woman who is not conscientious about her work: Have you not often heard a woman say that she did not try to do her work well be-

cause her employer "did not pay much." It is more important that you should make a life than a living. Your work should be a matter of conscience and not of pay. Poor work done, because a gripping, gouging and grinding employer does not pay much is just what keeps thousands of men and especially women from getting on in the world. Your employer will recognize your merit, and he may not advance you as rapidly as you deserve, but in the long run the cream will come to the surface in every establishment. Your work over-time in the busy season will pay you in the long run, eventually you will gain, if not in money, at least in character and self-respect. Much of the world's best work has been poorly paid for. Don't demoralize your character by doing slovenly work. Regard your opportunity greater than your salary. Do as little as possible, and never do anything which belongs to somebody else to do, and you will never rise.

Whatever you do, do it as if you were personally born to the task of doing just that thing.

Do it, however humble, as though it were the grandest thing you ever expected to do.

A servant girl, in making application to the Deacons for church-membership, was asked, "What evidence have you that you are converted?" "Because I now sweep under the mats." Conscientious work builds character. Faithful work is sincere worship.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WHY is the number of women who occupy high official positions less to-day than ever before? Why is it that, as civilization advances, the impression deepens on the popular mind that political position is not woman's truest and noblest mission?

It certainly is not that a lighter estimate is placed upon woman's ability and force of character than before, but because of the development of our own being, the true spheres of the sexes are better defined, it is found that these spheres are worthy of boundless capacities and the highest ambition of both sexes.

Man's sphere, by his more robust constitution, is designed by Providence to be the more public one; that of woman by her more refined organiza-

tion, the more private, but none the less honorable, or requiring less brains.

The world's history plainly shows that God never called woman out of her sphere except on occasions of signal exigencies, when men were so abased that they were not to be found equal to tasks that legitimately belonged to them. This was true way back yonder in that early age when heroic Deborah ruled all Israel for forty years. I dare to venture the prophecy that, in the future, no Elizabeth or Victoria will ever sit upon the throne of political power.

But woman is not on this account going to be dishonored, or her pride mortified. As civilization advances woman shall be crowned queen in a higher sense — a queen swaying an imperial sceptre over human hearts, queen of home, out of which sweet empire influences will go forth that shall govern the world — proving thousands of times a light in the darkness, an inspiration in discouragement, a secret of victory in hard struggle, and a hand to restrain from sin in the time of fierce temptation.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

God has put into the hands of our women at their own hearthstone a power greater than that which Presidents or Kings wield and which issue either in the weal or woe of their children.

You will bear me witness that in all I have written I have sought to inspire your sex with that dignity which God has set upon you. Upon this vexed question of woman's rights, the burden of which seems to turn upon the one point of suffrage: Shall woman be invested with the ballot? the question is not one of the simple right as her equal with man, but, Is it wise, is it best? I do not deny the inborn right of woman to smoke cigarettes, or to use the rough language of men, but most of us men are inclined to believe that women who do these things are, as someone has put it, "no gentlemen," and if the sexes are to be equalized I would rather it were done by refining the woman than by the vulgarizing of women.

A woman has the right equal to that of man to tell a story, such as men often tell among themselves, but somehow the woman who tells the story is never quite the same woman she was

before; when woman, to whom we instinctively look for all that is pure, falls short of the standard man sets for her and believes to be hers, her influence for good is gone forever.

Shall we invest woman with the ballot? Candidly I believe that such an enlargement of her sphere would not only violate the sacred laws of her being, but add nothing to the high and holy mission which her own nature unmistakably defines.

Woman must fail the moment she passes the boundary that God has indicated in her being. To give woman equal chance with man, and where she has the ability and strength for a like service an equal amount of pay for the same work, if done equally as well as by the man, is an act of justice.

The Government at Washington sets the nation the bad example of paying the women about half as much as it does the men for the same work. Why should the male teachers in our schools receive nearly twice as much for the same work done equally well by the women? We have told

the women that they are angels. They are not. They are human beings, who want justice and not compliments.

But the ballot is not the panacea for woman's wrongs. Man has had the ballot — yet how unevenly the balances swing, how demoralized our cities, how reeking with rottenness all the departments of government — National, State, municipal, county, and township. Would a woman's vote alter things? Yes, if only good women would vote. Few good women would avail themselves of the privilege, but all bad women would. Would women vote out the saloon, when as many women drink as men? No doubt many women could vote with a wiser discrimination than most men. There is more general intelligence among women than there is among men. Where one young man graduates from school or college there you will find three young women in the class and generally ahead of the men in general average of scholarship.

But the right to vote means vastly more than this, it involves a radical change in her life, for

the logic of it means the functions of citizenship — voting carries with it ruling. Dr. M. Rhodes has pointed out that political privilege implies responsibility for civic duty. If you give woman the ballot she must be ready to turn policeman and serve on the jury. The responsibilities which logically follow this advance of woman means that henceforth she will not be represented by any man, and herself exercising the full functions of citizenship would make such a change in her life as would make her more a man than a woman. A female man, an affected, driveling little doodle, a weak sister dressed up in men's clothing, is enough to fill you with disgust, but from a mannish woman, good Lord deliver me from expressing my opinion, lest I should say something not in the prayer book.

I believe that woman is capable of exercising the ballot, and while I believe that there are exceptional cases, where for instance, in the case of widows or single women, property is involved, where "taxation without representation is tyranny," woman could with propriety and should for

her self-interest be allowed to exercise the ballot; but I believe that exercising the ballot in the full length and breadth would throw a shadow on the glory of womanhood. I doubt, if woman turned politician, whether man would look up to her with the homage chivalry now renders her. A champion of woman's rights pleaded her cause with an editor. He responded with telling arguments. But she would neither recede from her position nor retire from his office. Persisting as only a woman in earnest can persist, he finally and despairingly said, "Madam, if you come to me again in this manner, I shall be compelled to answer you as if you were a man."

That reply, which voices the sentiments of men generally, should open woman's eyes to her possible future, should she be spoken to like a man. It has been truly said: "When the spirit of chivalry with its generous loyalty to sex is gone, the glory of the Republic will be extinguished forever."

Miss Phœbe Cary, one of the most gifted advocates of woman's proper rights, yet believed in

woman as woman, and longed for the finer and fuller supremacy of woman in feminine, not masculine strength, fitly fixes the seal to what I have written:

Don't mistake me; I mean that the public's not home,
You must do as the Romans do when you're in Rome;
I would have you be womanly while you are wise;
'Tis the weak and the womanish tricks I despise.

'Tis a good thing to write, and to rule in the state,
But to be a true, womanly woman is great;
And if ever you come to be that, 'twill be when
You can cease to be children, nor try to be men.

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD MOTHERS THE MAKERS OF GREAT NATIONS.

THE old saying, "Like mother like son," is historically correct. Henry IV. of Germany becomes a miserable prince, but, blest with a wise mother, Louis IX. of France grows up into a man of God. A distinguished writer has called attention to the fact that of the sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown, only three have loved the people, and all these three were reared by their mothers. St. Louis was trained by Blanche; Louis XII. by Maria of Cleves, and Henry IV. by Jeanne d'Albret: and these three were really the fathers of their people.

Sir Walter Scott's mother was a superior woman, a lover of poetry and painting. Byron's worst enemy was his mother,— she was proud

and ill-tempered. The mother of Napoleon was of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderess. The mother of Patrick Henry was marked by superior conversational powers. The mother of the Wesleys was distinguished for her intellectual powers and executive ability, so that she has been called the mother of Methodism.

Mothers have trained our Presidents and statesmen. Washington's father died when George was only twelve years old. Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Harrison the elder were left fatherless when only small boys. Tyler, Hayes and Cleveland depended upon their widowed mothers for their training. Abraham Lincoln confessed that among his most pleasant reminiscences were those of his excellent mother, to whom he imputed the best and brightest qualities he had inherited. Lincoln also owned that it was his stepmother, more than any other person, that made him the man he was.

General Grant's mother went into a room at a certain hour of each day during the war to pray

for her Ulysses. President McKinley left the Capitol and the affairs of State to watch at the side of his dying mother, to receive her last blessing and to give her his last kiss. Garfield's father died when the future President was a babe. On the day of his inauguration he turned away from all the representatives of Kings and Queens, and from all the great men and beautiful women who had gathered to do him honor, and the first thing he did after having taken the oath of office was to kiss the wrinkled face of his mother and say, "Mother, you have brought me to this."

John Quincy Adams, till the day of his death, said the little prayer his mother taught him, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Daniel Webster's mother first fostered those abilities which ultimately made him so long distinguished.

If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it. The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character.

That must have been a beautiful scene in the

old chivalric time — the cup circling around the board, and the banquet-hall ringing with sentiment and song — when, the lady of each knightly heart having been pledged by name, St. Leon arose in his turn, and lifting the sparkling cup on high said:

"I drink to one
Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory is dead:
To one whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed, —
So holy 'tis, and true;
To one whose love for me has longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud Knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another,—
Then bent his noble head, as though

MOTHERS MAKERS OF NATIONS

To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said,— "My Mother!"

Our homes have made America peerless among the nations. Any encyclopædia of American biography will prove that our most illustrious statesmen, our most distinguished scientists, our most eloquent preachers, our merchant princes, and our great benefactors came from the humble families where the mothers rule not as queens of fashion, but where the nursery for the family is a nursery for the church, where the first lispings of childhood are the accents of prayer and the first thoughts of the heart are the thoughts of God.

The Jews are universally admired for the affections which adorn their domestic life. The foundation of the Jewish faith was laid in the sanctity of domestic affection and purity. The Bible Jew never made the mistake of separating the church and the home. His piety nestled 'neath the shelter of two truths — one was the dwelling where he lived with his wife and children in some corner of the Holy Land and in the fear of his father's God. According to the Jewish imagina-

tion the Divine presence was the atmosphere of that house and gave it an indescribable beauty. His wife was a vine God's hand had planted and his children as olive trees around his table. We need not wonder that these synagogue Jews have given to the world a greater number of great men than any other race in proportion to their numbers.

The German Empire is great because German homes are good, because the German mothers are industrious, economical, honest and virtuous.

Great Britain is great because it has model homes, because British mothers are intelligent and pious. In the special display of the Victorian Jubilee nothing was so beautiful or so glorious as the Queen kneeling at the altar, taking communion, throwing her arms around her children and grand-children, as they came one after another to kneel at her side, kissing and crying over them like a child. She never rose so high in her royalty as when she knelt, a simple mother, crying over her children at the altar of God. English ships and soldiers and gold and colonies are

the incidents; the real secret of a nation's greatness is a sanctified motherhood. The Anglo-Saxon people will continue to march to the mastery of the world and be the teachers of truth, the arbiters of right and the proclaimers of peace, as long as they shall hold woman in loftiest regard and preserve the purity of the home.

Napoleon recognized the fostering influence of the home when he said: "What France wants is good mothers, and you may be sure then that France will have good sons." God has put into the hands of parents, at their own firesides, a power greater than that which Presidents or Kings and Queens wield and which issue either in the weal or woe of their children.

Our women sigh for fame. They would be poets to write songs to thrill a nation, but is the writing of any poem in musical lines as noble a work as the training of the powers of the soul immortal into harmony with God. Yet there are women,— how shall I say it sorrowfuly enough, — the number is increasingly large,— who regard the duties of motherhood as too obscure and com-

monplace tasks for their hands, and soul-mothering is often left to a mere hireling. If you could be made to understand your own personal responsibility for the training of the child, for the development of its life and for its destiny, you would see that in all God's world there is no work so noble and so worthy of your best powers, and you would commit to no other hands the sacred trust given to you.

We are drifting away from the home. Our nation wants virtuous citizens and honest rulers. They must come in the future, as they came in the past, from homes where good mothers keep watch. If you mothers could lift up the veil and catch a glimpse of the momentous future and realize that in the secrecy of your homes you are determining, through your children, what that future shall be, your soul would be fired with a patriotism which would lead you to make your child an offering on the altar of God. To mothers God has committed the destiny of the world, and when we reflect that in this land alone there are something like six millions of mothers, with

millions of infants to be moulded by a mother's plastic hand and quenchless love,— the prayer rises spontaneously from our hearts that God would bless the mothers of our land. In our homes lie the great element of power and hope for our country. The springs of our Republic's prosperity lie in well trained families. It has grown into a proverb that the home has ever been the nursery of great men and mothers their instructors.

Whatever else you slight, let it never be your home-making. If you do nothing else in this world, at least build well within your own doors. Home is the chief place of your duty, and no public objects of any kind must be allowed to interfere with it. Your business is not to attend to outside charities until you have made your own home all that your wisest thought and best skill can make it. "Where are you going, Mamma?" asked a child of ten of her mother, whom she had seen but a few minutes each day for a week. "To see some poor little orphan, my child. I am on the committee and it is my week. Now run

away, dearie, to your nurse." "Well, I wish I was an orphan," answered the child, "then sometimes maybe you would stay at home with me." It will never do to serve God with time taken from family duty.

The last and most beautiful song that Mozart sang was his Requiem. After giving it its last touch he fell into a gentle slumber. When the light footstep of his daughter Emilie awoke him, he said, "Come hither, my Emilie,— my task is done — the requiem — my requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said Emilie, "you must be well again. You look better, even now your cheek has a glow upon it. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. You spoke of refreshments, my Emilie — take these, my last notes — sit down to my piano here — sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother — let me once more hear those tones which have so long been my solace and delight." With

a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, Emilie sang:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
  Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
  And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,
  Or the pleasures of life with regret,—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life
  To mourn for the thing that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
  No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like the wretched shall find
  A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
  For which thou art now on the wing,
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
  Their loud hallelujah to sing.

Turning from the instrument, she looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left with the seal of death upon those features. He had gone on the wings of his own requiem. There is no requiem so sweet for the

departing spirit as the hallowed memories of home, sweet home. They will make music in the heart in its last moments equalled only by the chanting of the angels in the skies.

May God help every one of us to live at home so tenderly, so unselfishly, so lovingly, that the memories we make within our own doors shall be our holiest requiem, on the breath of which our spirits may be wafted away to glory in our Father's House above, where parting shall be no more.